LU[illegible]

A

Mock-He[illegible]

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In Six *CANT*[illegible]

Render'd into E[illegible]

To which is prefix'd [illegible] ACCO[illegible]
BOILEAU's Writings, and [illegible] TRANSLA[illegible]

By *N.* ROWE Esq.

Tantæ'ne Animis Cœlestibus Iræ? Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for E. SANGER[illegible] E. CURLL, [illegible]
Post-House at the [illegible] *Temple-Gate*, [illegible]
the *Peacock* with[illegible]

AUG 16 1925

LUTRIN:

A

Mock-Heroic

POEM.

Render'd into English Verse.

To which is prefix'd some ACCOUNT of
Boileau's Writings, and this TRANSLATION

By N. ROWE Esq;

LONDON:

Printed for E. SANGER and E. CURLL, at the
Post-House at the Middle Temple-Gate, and at
the Peacock without Temple-Bar. 1708.

To the Right Honourable *CHARLES* Lord *HALIFAX*.

OUR Lordship is not to be inform'd of the great Reputation Monsieur *Boileau* has acquir'd by all his Works. They are esteem'd so Nice in themselves, that it has been thought by some as rash an Attempt to translate this French Author, as for an English General to attack an Army of theirs. The late Successes of some former Campaigns have sufficiently prov'd that their *Heroes* are not *Invincible*; and the happy Imitations of some of their best Pieces, that their *Writers* are not *Incomparable*. Not that I'm so vain

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vain as to Imagine the following Translation deserves to be mention'd in the same Breath with some I cou'd name. But certain it is, the *French* Genius may be match'd (if not surpass'd) in both, the *Pen* as well as the *Sword*; whatever exalted Notions to the contrary Some among us may have, who cou'd relish *Slavery* it self, if it were but *French*. I do not intend any thing to the disadvantage of our Enemy's Wit and Knowledge, but only to put the Matter in a Way of Issue and let the Country try it. I have endeavour'd with the Assistance of my Friends, to do Monsieur *Boileau* all possible Justice in this Celebrated Piece of his, the *Lutrin*; I hope I have us'd him with that Civility which is due to one of the first Figure in the Commonwealth of Learning; I was going to say, with that Generosity our Country-Men treat his at *Litchfield* and *Nottingham*.

But my Lord, if it really be so bold an Undertaking to translate the *Lutrin*, it is unpardonably worse to offer it to Your Lordship, whose *Penetration*, is equal to

Your

Your Noble *Birth*; and yet *Both* yield to the prevalence of your *Good Temper*, which with a like Indulgence receives the Homage of all sorts of Persons.

Upon this Foundation I presum'd to set Your Lordship's Name on the Frontispiece of this Work; to be to it, what you are to Your Country, its *Ornament* and *Protection*.

If ever your Lordship shall alienate so much of Your Time from the *Public Good*, as to read this *Poem*; You will find in it very Great, but necessary Variations from the *Original*; whether for the better or the worse, I submit to *You*, from whose Judgment there is no Appeal.

Nothing checks and deadens the Fancy more than a too superstitious Respect for the Original, especially in Poetry; It is commonly the Cause that an *Idolatrous* Translator (as *la Motte* calls such a one) endeavouring too exactly to render *All* the Beauties of his Author, gives you in Truth *never a one*. Every *Minute* Circumstance of a Thought cannot be preserv'd with any tolerable Grace, nor is it indeed necessary; pro-

vided the Tranſlator makes amends for his neglect of what is leſs important, by Improving and if poſſible by Refining upon *Eſſentials*; which is better done by Studying the *Genius* and Copying the *Tour* and *Air* of an Author, than in adhering to a ſcrupulous *Detail* of *Phraſes*, ever flat and diſagreeable.

Thus a *Tranſlation* may be Excellent, and by this an Equitable Reader may judge of it's Merit. A Picture is but the Tranſlation of a Face, yet if *Apelles* or *Lyſippus* ſhall attempt an *Alexander*, Poſterity will pay an equal Veneration to the *Artiſt* and the *Hero*.

Tranſlation, in general, beſides its uſeful *Communicative* Character to recommend it, and other Arguments that may be brought in its behalf, comes back'd with what moſt Arts and Sciences pretend to, *Antiquity*.

Did not *Terence* divert the *Romans* with the Original Comedies of the Greek *Menander*, turn'd into *Latin*, which ſerves as a Standard at this Day? And by what remains of *Alcæus* and ſome other *Lyrics*, 'tis evident how much *Horace* himſelf was oblig'd

to

to the *Greeks*, not by copying the Measure of their Numbers, but by imitating the expreſs Senſe of the Authors. To bring it nigher Home; we at this Day read *Ben Johnſon's Catiline* and other Plays of his with Pleaſure; yet thoſe who converſe with *Tully*, know who furniſh'd him with his Rhetorick.

I expect the Critics will fall upon me for writing in this Manner to Your Lordſhip, as if I was giving You a *Leſſon* inſtead of a *Dedication*. I muſt confeſs it looks ſomething like it. But I rather chuſe to repeat to Your Lordſhip *what You already know*, than to exhibit a Bill of Your Perfections and Excellencies *which all the World knows*.

Monſieur *Boileau* calls this Poem of his, *Heroi-Comique*, Mock-Heroic; that is, a Ridiculous Action made conſiderable in Heroic Verſe.

If I diſtinguiſh right, there are two ſorts of *Burleſque*; the firſt where things of mean Figure and Slight Concern appear in all the Pomp and Buſtle of an *Epic* Poem; ſuch is this of the *Lutrin*. The ſecond ſort is where

Great Events are made Ridiculous by the meanness of the Character, and the oddness of the Numbers, such is the *Hudibras* of our Excellent *Butler*. *Boileau*, like *Horace*, was born equally for *Satyr* and for *Praise*. The *Lutrin* partakes of Both. The *Satyrical* Part, as 'tis very severe upon those of his own Church, so I could wish it were applicable to the *Romish* Clergy only and none other.

As for the Panegyricks so frequent in it, I know not why they should not as well become the Queen of *France* as the *French King*, the Prince of *Mindleheim* as the Prince of *Conde*, and the *Atticus* of Dr. *Garth* as the *Aristus* of *Boileau*.

I am

Your Lordship's most Obedient

and most Humble Servant,

J. Ozell.

Monſieur *BOILEAU's*

PREFACE.

WERE in vain now to deny that the following Poem was occaſion'd by a petty Quarrel that happen'd in one of the moſt celebrated Churches of Paris, *between the* Treaſurer of the Relicks, *and the* Maſter of the Choir; *otherwiſe call'd the* Prelate *and the* Chanter. [*The latter it ſeems being a Man of a forward incroaching Spirit, had made ſome Steps towards an Invaſion of the Rights and Privileges of the former; which he not brooking, and being reſolv'd to humble him, bethought himſelf of ſetting up in the Choir a ſort of a Reading-Desk* (Lutrin) *upon the very Overture of the*

Chanter's *Seat, and ſo block him up.*] *The Fact is true, and that's all. The reſt is mere Fiction from the Beginning to the End; and all the Actors in it are not only invented, but induſtriouſly drawn quite oppoſite to the true Character of the Miniſters of that Church, who for the moſt part, eſpecially the Canons, are Men of great Virtue and as much Wit: There's one amongſt 'em, whoſe Opinion I would as willingly have upon my Performances, as of a great many Gentlemen of the Academy. 'Tis not therefore to be wonder'd, that no Body took Offence at this Poem, ſince in Truth no Body is attack'd by it. A Spendthrift is not troubled to ſee a Miſer expos'd; Nor does a Religious Perſon reſent the ridiculing of a Rake. I ſhall not mention how I was engag'd in this Trifle upon a kind of a jocular Challenge made me by the late Monſieur* Lamoignon, *whom I paint under the Name of* Ariſtus. *A particular Narration of this Matter, does not ſeem to be at all neceſſary. But I ſhould think I did my ſelf a great deal of wrong, to let ſlip this Opportunity of informing thoſe who are ignorant of it, how much I was honour'd with that great Man's Friendſhip, during his Life. I began to be known to him at the Time when my Satyrs made the greateſt Noiſe; and the obliging Acceſs he gave me into his illuſtrious Family, was a very advantageous Apology in my Behalf, againſt thoſe who were minded to accuſe me of Libertiniſm and*

ill

ill Morals. He was a Man of an amazing Knowledge, and a passionate Admirer of all the good Books of Antiquity, and this was what made my Works the more tolerable to him; I fancying he perceiv'd in 'em some Taste of the Ancients. His Piety was unfeign'd, and yet had nothing in it that was stiff or troublesome. He was not at all frighten'd at the Title of my Works, Satyrs, where in Truth he found only Verses and Authors expos'd. He was pleas'd often to commend me for having purg'd this Sort of Poetry from that Obscenity and Filth, which till then, had been as it were, peculiar to it. Thus I had the good Fortune not to be disagreeable to him. He let me into all his Pleasures and Diversions, that is to say, his Studies and Retirements. He favour'd me sometimes even with his strictest Confidence, and open'd to me the inmost Recesses of his Soul. And what did I not see there! What a surprising Treasure of Probity and Justice! What an inexhaustible Fund of Piety and Zeal! Tho' the outward Lustre of his Vertue was exceeding great, it was infinitely brighter within; and 'twas visible how carefully he temper'd the Rays of it, not to wound the Eyes of an Age so corrupt as ours. I was sincerely struck with so many admirable Qualities; and as he always discovered a great deal of Kindness for me, so I ever return'd it with the strongest Devotion for him. The Respects I paid him were not mixt with any Mercenary Leven of self-Interest, and I made it more my Business to

profit by his Converſation, than his Credit at Court. He died at the Time when this Friendſhip was in its higheſt Point of Perfection, and the Remembrance of ſo great a Loſs afflicts me daily. Why muſt thoſe who are ſo worthy to live, be ſo ſoon ſnatch'd from the World, whilſt the Worthleſs and Undeſerving are crown'd with Length of Days! I ſhall ſay no more upon ſo ſad a Subject, leſt I wet with Tears the Preface of a Work purely Jocular.

SOME

SOME ACCOUNT OF *BOILEAU*'s Writings, And this Tranſlation.

To Mr-----

SIR,

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IF Criticiſing other People's Works, eſpecially living and late Authors, were not a Task that I am by no Means inclin'd to, I ſhould have ſooner anſwer'd your Deſire, and told

told you what I thought of Monſieur *Boileau*'s *Lutrin*, and the Tranſlation of it into Engliſh Verſe, which you did me the Favour to ſend me in Writing.

M. *Boileau* and his Works, eſpecially this of his *Lutrin*, are of ſo great a Name in the World, that I think it a pretty bold Attempt to endeavour to tranſlate him; not but that I muſt confeſs I know but few Hands cou'd have ſucceeded better than this Gentleman has done. Amongſt that Little that I have read of the *French Poetry*, M. *Boileau* ſeems to me without Compariſon to have had the fineſt and the trueſt Taſte of the beſt Authors of Antiquity; his violent Paſſion for 'em and famous Diſputes in their behalf are too well known to be told over again now; it is very certain that he had 'em ſo perpetually in his Eye, that he form'd moſt of his Poetical Writings ſo cloſely after their Models, that in many of 'em eſpecially his

his *Satyrs*, he can hardly pretend to the Honour of any thing more, than having barely translated them well; and I am apt to believe that if the Design of the *Lutrin* be entirely his own and Modern, it is because there was nothing in the ancient Poetry of this kind for him to draw after. However it is very plain that ev'n in this, *Virgil* has been of great Use to him, and supply'd him with some of his finest Images; to mention one Particular only, every Body may see, that his *Fury* who sets the good People at *Paris* together by the Ears, is a manifest Copy of *Alecto* in the seventh *Æneid*, or indeed is rather taken from *Juno* and *Alecto* together, as both contriving and executing the Mischief her Self. I won't pretend to give you a Critical Account of this Kind of *Mock-Heroic* Poetry, if it can be call'd a Kind, that is so new in the World, and of which we have had so few Instances. I call it new because

I take *La Secchia Rapita* of *Taſſoni* to be the firſt of this Sort that was ever written, or at leaſt that ever I heard of: As for *Homer*'s Battle of the *Frogs* and *Mice*, I take that only to be a Tale or Fable, like thoſe of *Æſop*, amongſt which it is to be found, and ought rather to be rank'd among the Writings of the *Mythologiſts* than thoſe of the *Poets*. Whatever Name or Title the Criticks may be pleas'd to dignify or diſtingiſh this Sort of Writing with, I am ſure it has had the good Fortune to be very well receiv'd: The Reputation of the *Lutrin* in *France*, and the *Diſpenſary* in *England*, are two of the beſt Modern Inſtances of Succeſs in Poetry that can be given.

And ſince I have mention'd thoſe two Poems together, it may not be Improper to obſerve, that in the Latter of 'em, tho' writ upon a very different Subject, there are ſome Paſſages that are plainly

plainly Imitations, or indeed even Translations of the Former; Those who will take the Trouble to compare 'em, now they are both in one Language, will be best able to judge, how near the Translator of the *Lutrin* comes to the Beauties which all the World has so justly admir'd in Dr. *Garth*.

I won't venture to say this Translation is the most correct and finish'd Piece of its kind that we have, but I believe most People will allow, That the Author of it is perfectly Master of *Boileau*, and in some Places has even improv'd him, to mention that only of,

Dans le Reduit obscur, &c.

And so on for a Dozen Verses; where I think the *English* at least Equal, if not Superiour to the *French*.

The General Turn of his Verse is agreeable, his Diction Poetical, and very

proper

proper to the Subject, and that whatever Faults there may be, they are meerly verbal, and may very well be receiv'd under that good natur'd Allowance which *Horace* makes for thoſe

——*Quas aut incuria fudit*
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.

That which indeed to me ſeems moſt liable to an Exception, is, that the Gentleman has taken the Liberty in ſome Places to depart from his Author, and to ſubſtitute other Perſons and Things in the Room of Thoſe which he has left out or chang'd; and that while he ſtill retains the original Story, and keeps the Scene at *Paris*, he makes uſe of the Names of Men and Books in *England*, unknown to and unthought of by Monſieur *Boileau*, and particularly in the Battle of the Books, where he makes uſe of ſome *French* and ſome *Engliſh*. I could

could have wish'd indeed they had all belong'd to one Nation; For tho' the Satyr upon our own Countrymen is very just and entertaining, yet I must always think the Poem would have look'd more of a Piece, if the Names had been all as they are in the Original, or that else removing the Action and Scene entirely into *England*, the Names of Persons, Places, &c. had been all *English*, and so the whole had been rather an Imitation than a Translation of M. *Boileau*.

After all I am sensible that it may be easily enough reply'd in Defence of the Translation, that as it is intended for *English* Readers, and more especially for those who don't understand *French*, so a long Bead-roll of dull *French* Authors who are grown into such Contempt, that they are hardly read, or even known in their own Country, would be but an odd Entertainment

to

to People here, who never heard of 'em before; beſides it muſt be allow'd, that one may very eaſily apprehend the Plaiſantry of the Satyr in the Original, by the Tranſlator's muſtering up a Set of *Engliſh* Authors of equal Degree and like kind of Dulneſs with thoſe mention'd by M. *Boileau*.

As for the Objection of his having chang'd the Perſons, I believe a Subject of *Great Britain* may be very eaſily forgiven if the Love of his Country and the juſt Honour which he has for his Sovereign, led him to apply thoſe handſome Complements to the Queen, which the Author makes to the King of *France* in ſome of the *Canto's*, and in others that of the Prince of *Conde* to the Duke of *Marlborough*.

It is not the firſt Time that Juſtice has diveſted that Monarch of Honours which he had long aſſum'd

to

to himſelf, to place 'em more worthily upon Her Majeſty: Nor is it now only that his Grace has been adorn'd with the Spoils of a *French* General. The Praiſe is, I am ſure at leaſt as highly deſerv'd, and as juſtly given by the *Engliſh* as the *French Poet*. And indeed I think the whole Tranſlation to be ſo well done in the main and ſo entertaining, that what little Faults are in it, if there are any, ought not to be taken Notice of, for the Sake of the Beauties. Nor had I taken the Liberty to ſay what I have ſaid of it, if it had not been to give you a Proof of an exact Sincerity in every thing where you ask my real Opinion.

I am

SIR,

Your Humble Servant

N. Rowe.

LONDON,
April the 24th.
1708.

and this Translation.

to himself, to place 'em more worthily upon Her Majesty: Nor is it now only that his Grace has been adorn'd with the Spoils of a French General. The Praise is, I am sure at least as highly deserv'd, and as justly given by the English as the French Poet. And indeed I think the whole Translation to be so well done in the main and so entertaining, that what little Faults are in it, if there are any, ought not to be taken Notice of, for the Sake of the Beauties. Nor had I taken the Liberty to say what I have said of it, if it had not been to give you a Proof of an exact Sincerity in every thing where you ask my real Opinion.

I am

S I R,

Your Humble Servant

N. Rowe.

LONDON,
April the 24th,
1708.

THE
Lutrin of Boileau.
A
MOCK-HEROIC.

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CANTO I.

ARMS and the PRIEST I
sing, whose Martial Soul
No Toil cou'd terrify, no Fear
controul;
Active it urg'd his Outward Man to dare
The num'rous Hazards of a Pious War:

Nor did th' Immortal Prelates Labours ceaſe,
Till Victory had Crown'd 'em with Succeſs;
Till his gay Eyes ſparkling with fluid Fire,
Beheld the *Desk* reflouriſh in the Choir.
In Vain the *Chanter* and the *Chapter* ſtrove;
Twice they eſſay'd the fatal Desk to move;
As oft the Prelate with unweary'd Pain,
Fix'd it to his proud Rival's Seat again.

Muſe, let the *Holy Warrior's* Rage be ſung;
Why *Sacred* Minds *Infernal* Furies ſtung:
What Spark inflam'd the zealous Rival's Heat,
How *Heavenly* Breaſts with *Human* Paſſions beat:

And thou Illuſtrious, * *Hero*, whoſe Command
Aſſwag'd the Fire, whoſe ſalutary Hand
With more than *Æſculapian* Art cou'd heal
The *Schiſm* ſick *Church*, and ſtop the growing Ill.

* *M. Lamoignon. Premier Preſident.*

Propitious

Propitious o'er these Sacred Numbers shine,
With thy bright Influence aid the great Design;
And as you deign a willing Ear to lend,
Religiously th' important Tale attend.

'MId'st the soft Pleasures of Fraternal Peace,
In laughing Plenty and luxuriant Ease,
Paris beheld her † *Ancient Chappel* rise,
Florid in Years, delightful to her Eyes;
Her lusty Canons rosy Beauties grace,
And brilliant Health crimsons each ruddy Face;
Fatten'd with long and holy Luxury;
Deep sunk in Down, soft as their Furs they lie;
While there the sacred Sluggards waste the Day
In dull Repose —— By *Deputy* they Pray.
They only watch'd that they might relish Rest,
And never fasted but to make a Feast.

† L' *Ancienne Chapelle* in *Paris* the Scene of Action.

Unhealthy *Matins* wisely they decline,
And substitute a *Journeyman-Divine.*

When *Discord* rose a squalid guilty Shade,
Black as her Crimes, in sable Night array'd;
Soft Peace with Horror view'd the Ghastly Spright,
And trembling fled her inauspicious Sight:
The livid Fury her dire Course had run,
From *Church* to *Church* her *Visitation* gone;
Then at the noisy Hall's litigious Bar
She stop'd, and smil'd to see the pleasing War;
Contemplating her growing Power she stood,
And breath'd Contention on the jarring Croud.
In countless Shoals her faithful * *Normans* flow;
Normans whose Breasts perpetual Tempests blow:
Squadrons of *Lawyers* here, drive o'er the Plain,
And *Clients* there, the dreadful Charge sustain:

* *Litigious to a Proverb.*

The Lord, Clown, Senator, Fop, Bully, Cit,
Mingling in one vexatious Jargon fight;
Round *Themis* every Standard they diſplay,
And in the Wordy War conſume the Day.

The Fury raiſing then her baleful Head,
O'er the *Pariſian* Towers her Venom ſhed;
Unſhaken yet beholds one Church alone,
But one, that Peaceful durſt her Power diſown.
Sacred to pious Eaſe this Temple ſtood
Unſhook by Tempeſts in a raging Flood:
Of all her numerous Sifters only ſhe
Enjoy'd an undiſturb'd Tranquillity.

The *Fiend* at Sight of this offenſive Peace
Grins horrible, ſhe howls, her Serpents hiſs;
Then laſhing her thin Form, ſtrong Poiſon fills
Her Mouth; with Vengeance her lean Boſom ſwells;

Her Eyes in Streams of livid Lightning glow,
Diſtraction ſits malignant on her Brow.
What then, ſaid ſhe (and as the Fury ſpoke
The trembling Windows jarr'd, the Houſes ſhook)
Have my reſiſtleſs Fires theſe Hundred Years
Inflam'd the *Carmelites*, the *Cordeliers*?
Did not the *Celeſtines* my Fury feel,
Cou'd great St. *Auſtin*'s Order me repell?
Have I involv'd in Feuds the Miniſtry?
Have I made Convoc——ns diſagree?
And ſhall this Church alone rebellious dare
Cheriſh eternal Peace, when I bid War?
And am I *Diſcord*? Then may Tumult ceaſe,
If I've no Power to blaſt her boaſted Peace:
To hated Quiet let Mankind return,
Nor on my ſacred Altars Incenſe burn.

This said, she strait assum'd a *Chanter's* Dress;
Such was her Shape, so formal in her Pace:
Her Warlike Visage rich in Rubies shines,
Painted with the best Blood of generous Vines.
Thus dress'd, she to the sleeping Prelate flies,
In this dissembled Form deceives his Eyes.

Deep in the Covert of a dark Alcove,
Form'd for the idle Gods of *Sleep* and *Love*.
A Downy Couch appears with wond'rous Care,
At great Expence secur'd from noxious Air:
Curtains in double Folds around it run,
And bar all Entrance of th' intruding Sun;
Artfully rais'd to lull each softer Sence,
Devoted to the Goddess *Indolence*.
In idle Riot there she keeps her Court,
There airy Visions, wanton Phantoms sport;

Here negligently Dreaming out the Day,
Diſſolv'd in Eaſe the Holy Sluggard lay,
Strengthen'd with an immoderate Morning Meal
The Glutton batten'd till the Dinner Bell:
Youth in its Flower blooming with vernal Grace,
Shone in his Eyes, and brighten'd on his Face;
His Chin enormous, overſpreads his Cheſt,
In three deep Folds deſcending on his Breaſt:
There doz'd the leaden Lump of ſlumbring Fat,
While the preſs'd Cuſhions groan beneath the Weight.

The *Fury* entring ſaw the Table ſpread,
In artful Order elegantly laid;
She *recogniz'd* the *Church*, and thus addreſs'd,
With her deluſive Words, the ſleeping Prieſt.

Prelate ariſe, quit this inglorious Down,
Or the proud *Chanter* will thy Power diſown:

He

He sings *Oremus*, his *Processions* makes,
With his resounding Voice the Chappel shakes:
Without thy Leave thy Blessings he bestows;
His Mouth with endless Benedictions flows:
Do'st thou then wait till this Invader's Hand
Seizes thy Mitre, takes thy high Command.
Shake off these idle Bonds, or all you lose;
Renounce thy *Bishoprick*, or thy *Repose*.
She spoke, and her infectious Breath inspires
His troubled Bosom with contentious Fires.
The drowsy Prelate at her Words revives
Confus'd and frighten'd, *but his Blessing gives*.
So wounded by a Wasp have I beheld
A sturdy Bull, Lord of the flow'ry Field;
Unus'd to Pain till then in amorous Play,
He Lov'd and Eat, and Wanton'd out the Day:

But

But now impatient Loves and Feeds no more,
The Neighbouring Forests tremble at his Roar:
With deep fetch'd Bellowings the noble Beast
Exhales his Spirits, and torments his Breast
At the vile Insect that disturbs his Rest.

Thus the gall'd Prelate's Rage no Balm can heal,
The Servants first his rising Fury Feel;
His Rage grows high, and kindling by Degrees,
From his stung Bosom drives inactive Peace.
He dresses, and oh Horror! makes a Vow,
Tho' Dinner waits, he to the *Choir* will go.
Wise *Gilotin* his Chaplain vainly strove,
With sage Advice this rash Resolve to move;
Councell'd, Intreated, every Danger told;
That then 'twas Noon, that Dinner wou'd be cold.

What

What more than frantick Rage (said He) now
Reigns?
What wild *Capricio's* hurry round your Brains?
Support your Lustre better, think at least
A rich laborious Prelate is a Jest:
Let a full Meal this useless rage expell;
Sharpen your Appetite, and blunt your Zeal;
This is no *Ember Week*, the Church commands
No Fast; impose not then these rigid Bands.
Great Sir, resume your Senses and your Food,
A Dinner heated twice was never good.
Thus *Gilotid*—ere Then pointing shew'd his Lord
The smoaking Soup attending on the Board;
The Prelate struck with Reverence and Delight,
Stood silent conquer'd by the pleasing Sight.

Victorious

Victorious *Pottage* ſtop'd his eager Haſte,
Soften'd his Rage, and broke his three Hours Faſt.
Yet the black Choler ſtrugling with his Meat,
Oppos'd the Paſſage of each luſcious Bit.
Good *Gilotin* expreſs'd in Groans his Care,
And politickly ſpreads the growing Fear.
His *Partizans* the dreadful News receive,
And feeling own a ſympathetic Grief:
In numerous Troops to their lov'd Patron flie,
And bravely ſwear to *Conquer* or to *Die*.

Thus when the fierce *Pigmean* Army crouds,
The Banks of *Heber*, or *Strimonian* Floods;
The haughty Cranes round their known Leader ſwarm,
And their invincible Battallions form.

Pleas'd with the Sight, the *Prelate* rowl'd his Eyes,
Confeſs'd his new-born Joy, and ſtrove to riſe:
His Colour grows again, his Voice receives
Its ancient Tone, and the whole Man revives;
The luſty *Gammon* reaſſumes its Place,
He ſcans and bleſſes every friendly Face.
Then to the general Health a Goblet ſwills;
Each Man the great Example takes, and fills:
The * *Craiſe* bled pure Vermillion Nectar round,
And the *Deſert* their Entertainment crown'd.

And now the *Orator* prepares to ſpeak;
He groans as if his mighty Heart would break.
Then in a Voice to his Misfortunes bent,
Thus in a proper Tone began his Plaint.

* *A Church Veſſel.*

Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious Partners of my long Fatigues,
You ſole Supporters of my Pious Leagues;
By whoſe Aſſiſtance I at laſt am made
Of a Mad *Chapter* the exalted Head.
To your inceſſant Services I own
All the rich Honours that imboſs my Gown;
And can you unconcern'd with equal Eyes,
Behold my Rival, and confirm his Joys?
Muſt I, the Creature of your Wiſdom, fall
A Sacrifice to that proud Chanting *Beal*?
Will you my Cauſe, and your own Right deny?
Can you and angry Heaven ſtand Neuter by?
(This Morn a ſacred Viſion I beheld;
A Deity theſe fatal Truths reveal'd.)
Yes, he has ſeiz'd the Fruits of all my Toil,
And inſolently glories in the Spoil:

He

He Daily blesses the unhallow'd Croud,
Pronounces *Benedicat Vos* aloud.
Horror on Horror! who can speak the rest!
Turns my own pointed Weapons on my Breast.

Here Tears and Sighs his faltring Language break;
His Tears and Sighs too eloquently speak:
Redoubled Sobs stopt the respiring Breath;
His Visage darken'd, Choler strove with Death:
But *Gilatin* the fierce Attack withstood,
And a full Bowl repell'd the rising Blood.

When *Sidrac* came, Age lengthen'd out his Way,
(The languid Limbs confessing their Decay.)
Four Ages in this peaceful Choir he told;
Knew Men and Manners well, was Wise and Bold;

And this rare Knowledge did his Merit raiſe,
From *Sexton* to the *Veſtry-Keeper's* Place.
He ſaw the ſinking Prelate, gueſs'd his Grief,
And with paternal Care brought ſwift Relief.

Then thus the *Reverend Sire*——*Prelate* revive;
To the dull *Chanter* uſeleſs Sorrow give:
Ariſe, reſume thy Spirits, and thy Power;
I will thy injur'd Empire's Rights reſtore:
Collect your Judgment, and attend with Care,
What Heaven and Heavenly Powers inſpire me, Hear.

Where now, that ſupercilious *Chanter* rears
His harden'd Front, that Source of all thy Cares,
In ancient Days a well known *Desk* of Wood,
Fram'd of unequal Structure firmly ſtood;
There in the Choir, on thy Left-Hand 'twas plac'd,
And its large Sides a ſpacious Shadow caſt.

Behind

Behind this Work the humble *Chanter* sat
In an obscure Invisible Retreat:
When forward to the radiant Day alone,
Attracting every Eye the Prelate shone;
Whether some *Dæmon*, to the *Desk* a Foe,
Or Nightly Force combin'd its Overthrow;
Or was it *Destiny*'s unerring Hand
That Pre-ordain'd it should no longer stand.
One fatal Morning with surprizing Noise,
The great *Machine* fell down before our Eyes:
In Vain we at the Angry Heav'ns repin'd;
'Twas to the Vestry in our Sight confin'd;
There thirty Winters hid from open Day,
Forgotten in Ignoble Dust it lay.

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Hear Prelate then——When nightly Mists arise,
And veil in dim suffusion prying Eyes,

Let Three elected from this Friendly Rout,
And favour'd by the growing Night, steal out,
With ready Zeal the broken Mass rejoin,
And to its pristine Seat the *Desk* confine:
If in the Morn the *Chanter* dares destroy
Our glorious Work, and damp the general Joy,
Actions on Actions, Suits on Suits shall tell
The Church's Spirit, and her Servants Zeal:
Then Authoriz'd by Heaven you may engage;
This is a War worthy a Prelate's Rage!
Wou'd you to *Prayer* alone that Heart confine?
Let your great Soul in ardent *Action* shine;
Let a dull Country Vicar be content
With a long Life in lazy Preaching spent.
At *Paris*, Sir, You flourish——Then prepare,
Be Obstinate, Vexatious, rouse to War;
Be Active, Restless, Vigilant and Proud;
This raises you above the Vulgar Croud;

From common Crape diſcriminates a Lord,
And is a Prelate's Charter on Record:
Then throw your *Benedictions* boldly round:
Let every Place your *Benedictions* ſound.
Bleſs in the *Chanter*'s Sight, and never ceaſe,
With uplift Palms the very *Chanter* Bleſs.

This warm Oration the Aſſembly fir'd,
And every Soul with God-like Rage inſpir'd:
The Prelate with uncommon Ardor mov'd,
In a loud Out-cry *Silrac*'s Speech approv'd;
Let then (ſaid he) a careful Choice be made
Of Three, Three worthy this Deſign to head.

Each pleads his Merit to the great Command;
Each Worthy ſeems in this illuſtrious Band.

Let Deſtiny, the Prelate then reply'd,
Let Fortune by deciſive Lots provide.
They write; Each hopes his own Immortal Name
Will riſe the Foremoſt in this Scroll of Fame.
Full thirty Names into ſmall Billets made,
Are in a Cap's round ſinuous Bottom laid;
And that no Fraud may their great Hopes deſtroy
Of a juſt Choice, they call a Singing Boy:
Young *William* ſtrait the great Deſign attends;
Bluſhing, his Artleſs Novice-hand he lends.

The Prelate with his naked Hands and Eyes
Thrice bleſſes all the Tickets; ſtirs 'em thrice:
The Infant draws: Firſt *Brontin*'s Name appear'd;
They all approve the Lot with due Regard:
The Prelate hop'd a lucky Augury,
And ſmiling wiſh'd the happy *Brontin* Joy.

When

When instantly the Name, that glorious Name
Lamour was drawn, belov'd by Gods and Fame;
The beauteous Barber, whose long flaxen Hair
Curl'd o'er his Shoulders, as *Adonis* fair;
Nor was bright *Cytherea*'s lovely Boy
More the soft Goddess's Delight and Joy:
Than he of * *Barberissa*; much she lov'd,
Much he, and each the others Flame approv'd;
For they were chain'd three Years by Love alone,
Before they clapp'd the MarriageShackles on.
His cringing Neighbours servilely submit
To this *Fastidious Hero* of the Street,
While his hot Courage flashes o'er his Face,
And in his Eyes *destructive Comets* blaze.

One undetermin'd Lot did yet remain;
The Prelate mingles, shakes 'em well again.

* *La perruquiere*, in *Boileau*; the Barbers Wife.

All crowd and watch the Draught with eager
Haſte,
Each hopes his own great Name may be the laſt.

Oh *Boirude*! how ſhall I thy Joys relate,
When in the Prelate's Eyes thou readſt thy Fate,
And ſaw in them thy faithful Name appear?
Such Tranſports, *Mighty Sexton*, who cou'd
bear?
Then thy pale Face which never bluſh'd before,
'Tis ſaid, with fluſhing Blood was purpled o'er;
Thy Gouty Limbs reſum'd their Youthful Heat,
And every Pulſe with Martial Ardor beat.
Boldly thy feeble Corps attempted thrice,
As oft alas! in Vain eſſay'd to riſe.

Fate has determin'd, and the joyful Croud,
With dreadful Shouts, confirm that Choice aloud.

Th' Aſſembly riſes, with applauding Noiſe
They ſlide away, and murmur out their Joys,
Leaving the Prelate with Fatigue oppreſs'd,
'Till a full Supper calm'd his moody Breaſt,
And laid his Anger, and his Limbs, to Reſt.

Fate has determin'd, and the joyful Croud,
With dreadful Shouts, confirm their Choice aloud.

Th' Assembly rises, with applauding Noise
They slide away, and murmur out their Joys,
Leaving the Prelate with Fatigue oppress'd,
Till a full Supper calm'd his moody Breast,
And laid his Anger, and his Limbs, to Rest.

THE LUTRIN.

CANTO II.

MEAN Time the Monster of Gigantick Size,
Hung round with opening Mouths, and waking Eyes;
Who far and wide tells what she hears, and more;
Trav'ling from Clime to Clime, from Shore to Shore:
FAME, nimble Messenger, prepares to dart
A mortal Dread on *Barberissa*'s Heart:
Tell

Tells how her Lord, by a fond Fancy led,
That Night determin'd to forſake her Bed,
And to erect the *Desk.* Amaz'd to hear,
She firſt ſtood motionleſs, and froze with Fear:
At laſt, confeſſing Anger and Surprize,
With Hair diſhevel'd, and with flaming Eyes,
Her Wrath no longer able to conceal,
She thus upbraided his officious Zeal:

* And would'ſt thou hide this Miſchief of thy Mind?
And can nor ſacred Vows, nor Duty bind?
Dar'ſt thou then, Traytor, ſo perfidious prove
To plighted Faith, and *Hymeneal* Love?
Are all th' Indearments of a Wedded Life,
The ſoft Embraces of a tender Wife,

* *Diſſimulare etiam ſperaſti, perfide, tantum*
Poſſe nefas?——
Nec te noſter, amor nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido.

Virg. Æneid.

(A Wife alas! just ready to expire)
Too Weak to conquer one unkind Desire?
False Man, wert thou oblig'd to wear away
The tedious Hours from Eve to dawning Day;
With well-form'd Curls, or with dissembled Hair,
The Beau to furnish, or adorn the Fair:
I cou'd, perhaps, without Regret or Pain,
The Want of *due Benevolence* sustain;
Thy Absence sweetned with the Hopes of Gain.
But thus to leave your Partner in the Lurch,
With a mad Zeal in Favour of a Church?
Stay, cruel Man! Ah! whither do you run?
Why the Companion of your Pleasures shun?
Have you forgot so soon? And can you see
These flowing Streams, and not be touch'd, like me?
By all our Kisses, by our softer Nights,
And melting Sweets of Conjugal Delights.

If ever mov'd with *Barberiſſa*'s Charms,
You took the eaſy Victim to your Arms:
If by no previous Promiſes betray'd,
E'er join'd by Prieſt, I fell a willing Maid:
If thoſe yon glimmering Lamps, which row above,
Ne'er ſaw a ſecond Rival in my Love.
Ah! do not go! let me your Stay implore
But for one Night, and I will ask no more.

She ſaid: The Torrent of her amorous Flame
Threw on a truſty Stool the ſwooning Dame.
The moving Sight her Lord's brave Soul oppreſt;
Honour and *Love* contended in his Breaſt.
Till calling his known Courage to his Aid,
Thus to the Queen of his Deſires he ſaid:
(But with a Voice which ſpoke divided Care,
A *Lover's* Sweetneſs, and a *Husband's* Air,)

Madam,

Madam, Should I my Happineſs diſown,
And Joys ſo often reap'd from you alone;
I ſhould to Honour a curſt Traytor prove,
Unworthy of your Bed, and laviſh Love;
But ſooner ſhall the *Gallick Liger* join
His blended Waters with the *German Rhine*,
E'er from my Memory your Love depart,
So ſafely treaſur'd in my conſtant Heart:
Yet think not *Hymen*, when my Faith I gave,
Reſign'd me to your Yoke, a *Woman's Slave*.
Had I the Power my Deſtiny to chuſe,
I ſtill had 'ſcap'd the *Matrimonial Nooſe*:
Still had I revell'd, like a free-born Soul,
In lawleſs Pleaſures, and without Controul.
Away! no more your empty Title plead;
What's Love compar'd with ſuch a noble Deed?

How

How will it ſound, when future Poets write,
That I, by Favour of the ſilent Night,
The *Desk* erected in the Church's Right!
Curb then your fond Deſires; nor ſeek to ſhock
My ſolid Honour, ſtable as a Rock!
Ah! do not *Barberiſſa*'s Vertue ſtain,
Nor thoſe fair Eyes bedew with brackiſh Rain;
Nor with ungenerous Sighs protract my Stay;
† *For Heav'n has call'd me, and I muſt obey.*

This ſaid; He leaves her full of anxious Fears,
Her Cheeks all delug'd with a Flood of Tears.
Streight the *Vermillion* vaniſh'd from her Face,
And the wan *Lily* took the *Roſe*'s Place.
Thrice to recall the Salvage Man ſh' aſſay'd;
But her rebellious Tongue thrice diſobey'd.

† *Et nunc Jove miſſus ab alto*
Interpres Divum fert horrida juſſa per auras.

Then to the lofty Room, which fac'd the Skies,
By Men the GARRET call'd, the weeping Lady flies.
Alicia heard; ſtreight after her ſhe went,
Nimbly ſurmounting the Stairs high Aſcent;
To ſhew her Duty by her ſpeedy Care,
And leſſen Sorrow, while ſhe takes a Share.

Now had approaching Night the Town o'erſpread,
And ſcatter'd thro' the Streets a duſky Shade.
The Bell rings Supper; th' hungry Chaplains all,
Bleſſing the Sound, and pliant to the Call,
Flock from the *empty Choir* to the more *welcome Hall*.
The Taverns thicken; the quiet *Chairmen* ſings;
And every Robin with Noiſe and Nonſence rings.

Forth

Forth the brave *Brontin* march'd, whose watchful Eyes
Sleep thrice in vain attempted to surprize:
Whom the third Bottle Fortify'd within,
Provided by the cautious *Gilotin*,
Who knew that Wine made heavy Burdens light,
And push'd the unarm'd Hero to the Fight.

The Sexton follow'd, *Boirude* was his Name;
The Third in this immortal Deed of Fame:
Both sally out, kindled with Honour's Charms,
To fire the Slow *Lamour* with Love of Arms.
Let us depart, they cry'd, the Day declines,
And to succeeding Night his Sway resigns.
Why thus dejected? Whence this black *Chagrin*
Which hovers o'er your Eyes and swells your Spleen?

Art thou the Man, who blam'd the tedious Day,
And curs'd the lagging Sun's unkind Delay?
Riſe, follow us; great Deeds great Souls inflame.
At this the *Barber* bluſh'd with gen'rous Shame.

Then to his well-fill'd Magazine he flies,
Where many an Iron Weapon ſacred lies,
Till call'd to Light on ſome braye Enterprize.
Some faſhion'd by the skill'd *Cornavian*'s Care,
At *Birmingham*, the Shop of *Mulciber*:
Not like thoſe Arms of the *dead-doing* Kind;
Theſe *faſten* things which were before *disjoin'd*:
Like an inverted *Cone*, of Metal ſtrong,
Sharp Pointed, and *quadrangularly* long;
In Vulgar Speech call'd NAILS; of theſe the beſt
He choſe; a Hatchet his broad Shoulders preſt:
A well-tooth'd Saw his brawny Body bends,
Which, like a Quiver, down his back deſcends:

Incourag'd thus, *Brontin* a Mallet shook,
And *Boirude* a Nail-driving Hammer took.
Lamour's Heroic Steps they tread, and feel
An unknown Warmth, a more than Human
Zeal.
Happy the Wretched who implore the Aid
Of such a Leader, such a fifth Brigade!
The *Moon*, who spy'd their haughty March so
far,
Withdraws her Peaceful Light, and aids the War.
Discord pursu'd them, with a favouring Eye,
She grin'd a Smile, and with her hideous Cry
Drove back the trembling Clouds, and pierc'd
the vaulted Sky.
From thence the *Sound* descended to th' Abode,
Of the * *Citoſe*, and wak'd *Sloth*'s drowſy God.

* *Ciſtertians*. A Fraternity in the Romiſh Church.

There in a Cell he keeps his silent Court;
Around him, luke-warm lazy *Ognij* sport:
Here *One* retires to knead the fat'ning Paste
Which plumps the *Canon's* Cheeks, and swells his
brawny Waste.
Another the Vermillion grinds, to paint
The jolly Looks of mortifying Saint:
There Pleasure an observant Centry stands,
Regardful of the *Deity's* Commands;
While *Morpheus* pours continual Poppy Rain;
(Tho' now redoubled Show'rs descend in vain.)
Sloth at the Noise awakes. All-covering *Night*
Relates the Story, and improves the Fright;
Tells how the *Prelate* with Ambition fir'd
T' Heroick Fame by new Designs aspir'd.
Near to a Venerable House of Prayer,
She saw Three Champions, who delight in War:

Proudly they march'd beneath her thick Diſguiſe,
Safe in their Strength, ſecure from Human Eyes:
While *Diſcord*'s fiery Brands their Souls inflame,
Who threatens here to Aggrandize her Name.
Lo! with to Morrow's Light a *Desk* appears,
The Joy of Factious, reſtive Mutineers.
A Thouſand Dangers on the Tumult wait!
A Thouſand Feuds foment the curſt Debate!
So Heav'n has written in the Book of Fate.

She ſpoke: *Sloth*, riſing from his ſilky Bed,
And leaning on one Arm his lumpy Head;
While from his languid Eyes a Deluge ran,
This broken Speech with feeble Voice began.
O *Night*, thou ſtab'ſt me with this killing News!
What new-born Plagues does *active Hell* produce?
Still do the *Furies* throw their Fiery Darts?
Still breathe Fatigue and War in Human Hearts?

Ah! whither fled those happy Times of Peace,
When idle Kings, dissolv'd in thoughtless Ease,
Resign'd their Scepters, and the Toils of State
To *Counts*, or some inferior *Magistrate*:
Loll'd on their Thrones, devoid of Thought or Pain;
And, nodding, slumber'd out a lazy Reign?
No anxious Cares did nigh the *Palace* creep;
But Day and Night was one continu'd Sleep,
Except the *Vernal* Month, when *Flora* gilds
The chearful Valleys, and the smiling Hills,
When the loud *North* his Airy Rule resigns
To gentle *Zephyrs*, and more peaceful Winds,
Four *Oxen* drew with *slow* and *silent* Feet
Th' unactive Monarch to some Country Seat.

But 'tis no more: That Golden Age is gone;
And an unweary'd *Princess* fills *Britannia*'s Throne.
Each Day she frights me with the Noise of Arms,
Slights my Embraces, and defies my Charms.
In vain does Nature, Seas and Rocks oppose,
To bar her Virtue; which undaunted goes
Thro' *Libyan* Burnings, and o'er *Scythian* Snows.
Her *Name* alone my trembling Subjects dread,
Not her own *Cannon* can more Terrour spread.
To tell the Wrongs and Cruelties I bear,
Would exercise the Labour of a Year.
I thought the *Church* would shelter an Exile,
Driv'n from a *Court*, inur'd to Cares and Toil.
Vain was my Thought: For now each *sad Re-*
cluse,
Monks, Abbots, Priors, wretched Me abuse.

* *LaTrape*'s grown Famous by my ſhameful Flight,
Nor can * St. *Denys* bear my odious Sight.
The *Jeſuits* ever have my Pow'r defy'd;
Few but the dull *Citoſe* my Rule obey'd.
The † *Holy Chappel*, with its Founder, ſlept,
And from old Time its Lethargy had kept.
Lo! now a *Desk*, a fatal Foe to Peace,
Strives to diſlodge me from my ancient Eaſe.
And wilt Thou, *Night*, lend thy officious Aid
To cover Crimes, far blacker than thy Shade?
Wilt Thou, dear Partner of my lov'd Repoſe,
Abet my Ruin, and protect my Foes?
If e'er to *Thee* alone I did reveal
The Joys of Love, which I from *Day* conceal;
Ah! ſuffer not at leaſt——Here *Sloth* oppreſt
With length of Words, and want of grateful Reſt,
Sunk down: His Strength forſook the ſtupid *God*,
And to Repoſe reſign'd the lifeleſs Load.

* *Religious Houſes in and near* Paris.
† *The Scene of Action where this Diſſention happen'd.*

THE

THE

THE LUTRIN.

CANTO III.

OLD *Night*, Triumphant on a sooty Cloud,
Parent of Fears, and Nurse of Sorrow, rode:
Burgundia's vinous Fields she hovers round,
And sheds her dreery Vapours o'er the Ground:
Then tow'rds the fair *Lutetian* Turrets flies,
Distilling *Opiats* from her humid Eyes.

At length * *Montlerry*'s lofty Tow'rs she shrouds,
Fond of those venerable Old Abodes;
The Summit of whose Walls stupendious Height,
Steals by Degrees from the deluded Sight;
While the strain'd Eye-balls pierce the Clouds in vain,
And stretch their fiery Beams the vast Ascent to gain:
The weary'd Pilgrim *flies* the tedious View,
The *Objects* follow, and his Flight *pursue*.
Here *Crows* and *Vultures* keep their ruin'd Court;
Here *Ravens* and *Funebrous Birds* resort;
The croaking *Toad* and *Bat* in om'nous Squawls
Improve the Horror of these desert Walls:
Here thirty Winters aged *Howlet* lay,
And claim'd a Refuge from the hated Day;
Fruitful of evil Fate the Schrieker cries,
And by *foretelling* Mischiefs *magnifies*;

In

* *An old Castle near* Paris, *situated on a Hill*

In this wild Place retir'd to Meditate,
Expecting Night, the *sober Creature* hate:
The Goddess came; *Howlet* exalts his Voice,
Sadning the tuneful Neighbours with his Joys:
Complaining *Progne* trembles with new Pains,
And *Philomela*'s Fears o'ercome her Strains:
Follow me, *Son*, said *Night*. The *Feather'd Fate*,
Rous'd at her Voice, forsook his drowsy Seat;
With heavy Wings they press the thickning Air,
And darkling their dull Shades to *Paris* bear;
Here both arresting their auspicious Flight
On the fam'd *Chapel*'s destin'd Bellfry Light:
The Goddess bending from the lofty Arch,
Observes the Warriors, and regards their March.
The smirking *Barber* brandishes on high
A Bumper, which re-smiles with mutual Joy:

Each deluging in genial Juice his Soul,
To *Gilotin* and *Bacchus* fill the Bowl.
Shall they then Triumph thus, the Goddess
said,
And find an easy Conqueſt in my Shade?
Soon theſe inſulting Miſcreants ſhall know,
What to my ſacred Dignity they owe:
Then gravely nodding to her darling Pride,
Her tardy Wings the foggy Air divide:
Howlet with equal Pinions takes his Flight,
And follows thro' thick Shades his Mother Night.
Both to the fatal *Sacriſty* repair,
Where lay the dreadful Buſineſs of the War:
The ſullen Deity now makes a Stand,
Beholds the *Desk*, and gives this ſtern Command:

Reſt here, Prophetic Son, in the dark Womb
Of this old Desk till rip'ning Time ſhall come.

The *Owl* aſſum'd his delegated Place,
And ſat expecting with a ſage Grimace.

The Champions warm'd with Native Heat and Wine,
Unanimous purſue the great Deſign.
The ſacred *Chapel's* Marble Steps aſcend,
While *Bacchus* does his friendly Influence lend.
The proud *Piazza's* paſs'd, the Heroes now
Behind 'em ſee the Shop of fam'd *Rebow*;
There undiſturb'd volum'nous *Hee——ll* ſleeps;
Him under Twenty faithful Locks he keeps;
Secure from Chandlers, and devouring Fire,
The learned Lumber there remains intire.

The When

When *Boivade*, as the Danger nearer grew,
A Tinder-box from his wide Pocket drew;
The veiny *Flint* and hardy *Steel* ingage,
Breathing in Particles of Fire their Rage:
Colliding Blows the *Atoms* disunite,
And kindle living Seeds of *Infant Light*:
The new-born Sparks a bluish Flame beget,
Which from sulphureous Fumes ejaculate;
The waxen Taper glows with borrow'd Fires,
And in a lasting bolder Flame aspires.
The *Heroes* with this trembling Star their Guide,
(This trembling Star the absent Sun supply'd)
Approach the Temple; *Boivade* opes the Gate,
And manfully conducts the Van in State:
As thro' the spacious Solitude they steer,
With Talk they dissipate invading Fear.

The *Vestry* now is seen; each pallid Face
Owns the tenebrous Horror of the Place.
There lies the *Desk*, dread Work of wayward Fate;
A while they stand its Form to contemplate:
'Till rousing 'em, aloud the *Barber* cries,
This Spectacle is not t'amuse our Eyes;
We are not here conven'd, my Friends, to stare;
Time will not stay; the Moments precious are:
Into the middle Isle convey the *Mass*,
And fix it on the haughty *Chanter's* Place.
To morrow a plump *Prelate's* gloating Eyes
Shall view the Triumph with uncommon Joys.

Then with an Arm tremendous bravely strove
From its old Post the dusty Lump to move.
When *Oh Distraction!* a dread Voice aloud,
Was heard to Issue from the hollow Wood;

Brontin grew ſtiff with freezing Ague-Fear,
The *Sexton's* Colour fled, uproſe his Hair,
Lamour bemoan'd (to daſtard Fear betray'd)
The Want of *Barberiſſa* and his Bed;
Yet ſtrait his Courage recollects, and now
Reſolves, what e'er Fate means, to ſtand the Blow;
When from his Powdry Rooſt the *Bird* of *Night*
With Fate-denouncing Outcries takes his Flight;
Like *Statues*, Petrefy'd with chilly Fear,
Unable to reſiſt, they ſhake, they ſtare.
Howlet th' *Illuminated Wax* deſcry'd,
And ſoon extinguiſh'd with his Wings their *Guide.*
Now Diſarray'd, Confounded, they retreat,
Confeſſing by ſwift Flight a baſe Defeat:
Their *Nerves* relax, their trembling Knees in vain
Their Bloodleſs Bodies labour to ſuſtain;

The

Their Hair Erect, and Grey with ſudden Fright
The flying Squadron pierce the Shades of Night.
So meet a heedleſs Troop of wanton Boys
In ſome cloſe Corner, with *unpuniſh'd* Noiſe;
Th' indocile Libertines ſecurely play,
In idle Paſtime truanting the Day;
Far from their Studious Maſters prying Sight,
They give a Looſe to Joy, and Revel in Delight.
But if ſtern *Argus* by Surpriſe appears,
They quit their *Pleaſures* and reſume their *Fears*;
Dreading the future Birch and threatning Eye,
In Cluſters from th' *unfiniſh'd* Game they fly.
Diſcord inrag'd beheld the routed Crowd,
And roar'd, like Thunder from a broken Cloud;
Then, to revive their Hearts congeal'd with Fear,
And rally their baſe Souls to *Second* War,

She borrow'd ſurly *Sydrac*'s Aged Look,
Wrinkl'd her Brow, and his long Viſage took.
Earthward ſhe bent, and to the Sight appear
Depreſs'd beneath the Weight of Fourſcore Ye
Her Limbs did on a knotted Staff rely,
And ſeem'd to move on Springs of *Chicanry*:
A winking Taper in her Hand ſhe takes,
And growling Thus the timid Band beſpeaks.

Stop, Miſcreant Wretches, whither wou'd you
Here neither Bloodſhed is, nor Enemy.
What! Will you then for a vile *Bird* alone
Your Honour loſe, and Enterprize diſown?
Dare you not ſtand the impotent Grimace
Of *one* poor Owl? What wou'd you do, alas!
If every day like me you ſaw the *Bar*,
And wag'd with hideous Looks eternal War?

Friendleſs ſolicit hard a Hearing *now*,
Then ſtand a Haughty Judge's rigid Brow;
Ear-beat, without his Fee, a Lawyer dead;
In *Forma Pauperis* inceſſant plead.
Believe me, Sons, Experience is my Guide,
My ſelf a *Chapter* ſue'd, the *Law* defy'd.
Nor can the *Bar* ſhew that tremendous Look,
But I a hundred Times have ſtood its Shock:
Dauntleſs their forward Way my Body barr'd,
I'th' *Church*'s Name demanding to be heard.
The *Church* was fruitful then in great *Divines*,
Souls forg'd by Nature for immenſe Deſigns.
Then *Pennyleſs* and *Friendleſs* we could go,
Farther than now for *Love* and *Money* too.
In thoſe Triumphant Days, The vileſt Head
A *Prelate* and a *Chanter* durſt implead.
The *World* grows old, *Time* runs a jaded Race,
And worn-out *Nature* teems with her Diſgrace.

If yet you cannot *Reach* your Fathers State,
At leaſt their ſhining Vertues *Emulate.*
Think what Diſhonour your bright Names w
foul,
When Men ſhall tell the *Fable* of the *Owl.*
Think how the *Chanter* with indignant Pride
Will mock your Valour, and Attempt deride:
Howlet will be the Word, a ſtanding Jeſt,
The Flout of Boys, and Mirth of every Feaſt.

Yes, I perceive your Souls no longer bear
Theſe ſtinging Thoughts; for *Action* then p
pare:
Remember, Sirs, what *Prelate* 'tis you ſerve,
And ſnatch the verdant Laurels you deſerve;
Your Eyes re-ſparkle with their wonted Fires,
And each Heroick Breaſt the War requires.

On then; Run; Fly; immortal Honour calls,
And *Conſecrates* the Man who bravely falls.
So ſhall the *Prelate* ſee with wondring Joy,
Your *Vengeance* ſwift as your *Affront* can fly.

This ſaid; the Warring Goddeſs takes her Flight,
Plung'd in a ſudden Stream of blazing Light;
Reſtoring to each Breaſt their Martial Heat,
Fills with *Herſelf* the bold *Triumvirate*.

So when the reſcu'd *Danube*, *Rhine* and *Scheld*
Immortal CHURCHILL, Thee in Arms beheld;
The Face of War ſoon took a brighter Turn;
And fainting Squadrons with *new* Vigour burn:
Thy Courage, like the *Univerſal* Soul,
Darts thro' the Troops and Animates the *Whole*.
Victoria yielding to thy Stronger Charms,
Careſs'd thy Standard and Embrac'd thy Arms.

Aſham'd and *Angry* at their late Defeat,
They light their Taper and their Task repeat:
The *Noiſy Enemy* flies off unhurt,
And what was late their *Terror* is their *Sport.*
And now the *Desk* the *Chanter*'s Pew aſcends,
A Shout the *Chapel*'s lofty Arches rends:
The wormy Boards, by Times corroding Spight
Disjoin'd, the luſty Mallet's Blows unite:
With their Continu'd Strokes the *Pews* reſound
The *Vaults* rebellow'd, and the *Organ* groan'd.

Ah *Chanter*, buried in profound Repoſe,
Little thy Heart the brooding Miſchief knows;
But undiſturb'd by Grief or anxious Fear,
Dreams not what angry Fate is doing here!
If in a *Viſion* yet ſome Pow'r Divine
Shou'd to thy Senſe reveal the dread Deſign,

E'er

E'er thou wou'dſt ſuffer that ill-ſhapen *Maſs*,
Aſpiring ſo, to Lord it in thy Place;
Bold as a dying *Martyr* woudſt thou come,
And glorioufly Diſpute thy hapleſs Doom:
Thy naked Body to the Nails expoſe,
And tender Head to the hard Hammer's Blows:
To Mummy bruis'd thou on the Spot wouldſt die,
And worthleſs Life refuſe with Infamy.
But while the *Desk* to thy Diſgrace does riſe,
In ſilken Chains *Thee* gentle Slumber ties.

Now two concluding Strokes the *Work* compleat,
And the *Hinge* turns on thy unhappy *Seat*.

THE LUTRIN.

CANTO IV.

THE *Sextons* to their early Task repair,
And call the Yawning *Prieſts* to *Matin* Pray'r;
The Bells with ſilver Sounds the Region ſhake,
Their Turrets rock, and lazy *Chanters* wake;
Half frais'd at the ſad Din, Each drowſy Head
Sinks down oppreſt by its own *Native Lead.*

Their

Their *Chief* alone with fanſy'd Terror ſtruck,
And ſcar'd by viſionary Forms awoke;
At the redoubled Clangor of his Cries
Each Servant quits his Down, and trembling flies.
Firſt Faithful *Girot*, with undaunted Speed,
Appear'd before the Sweating *Chanter*'s Bed:
Girot his ſhaking Maſter's Senſe Reſtor'd;
The *worthieſt Servant* of ſo *good a Lord*!
Who, pleas'd *Domeſtic* Merit to prefer,
The *Choire*'s proud Gate committed to his Care;
Abroad, a ſtiff-neck'd haughty *Virger*, He;
At Home, a ſupple *Slave* in *Livery*.

My Lord, ſaid he, what Trouble heaves your
Breaſt?
What Melancholy breaks your grateful Reſt?

Wou'd

Wou'd you *unpreſidented* madly run
To *Chapel*, and prevent the riſing Sun?
Conſider, Sir; to vulgar *Chanters* Leave
The Pride of *Meriting* what they receive.
Your Genius then indulge without Reſerve,
Let Wretches born for Labour toil and ſtarve.

Friend, ſaid the *Chanter*, ſtill with Horrour pale,
What can theſe vain Reflections now avail?
Here thy Companionable Paſſion join,
And mix thy amicable Sighs with mine;
Thy honeſt Heart will tremble when it hears
The Subject of thy dying Maſter's Fears:
Twice gracious *Morpheus* had my Temples bound,
And in forgetful *Nightſhade* Reaſon drown'd:
Intoxicating Fumes had *Fancy* warm'd,
And every *Senſe* to ſweet *Repoſe* was charm'd,

When

When as I thought i'th' *Choire* with glorious Grace
I *Bleſs'd* the Crowd and fill'd my wonted Place,
Swallow'd the Incenſe, and *unrivall'd* bore
The firſt Degree in Office and in Pow'r;
A Gloomy Smoke long rowling from afar
Seem'd from the darken'd *Veſtry* to appear;
Forward it ſhot, and kindling as it came,
The dreadful Cloud burſt in a bluiſh Flame;
And Oh! Dire Object! to my Sight diſplay'd
A Dragon, by th' aſſiſting *Prelate* led;
His Head *Triangular*; the frightful *Maſs*
A very *Reading-Desk* appear'd, or Was.
When, animated by his Guide, the Beaſt
Darting at me, uprais'd his Monſtrous Creſt.
In vain I trembling fled, cry'd out in vain,
Till kindly *Sleep* relax'd his gentle Chain.
I can no more—— Poſſeſs'd with *Panic* Dread;
In my pale Eyes the Sequel may be read.

Ah

Ah, Sir, ſaid *Girot* ſmiling, Noblemen,
Wits, Critics, Ladies, Poets nurſe the Spleen;
'Tis a Gentile *Diſeaſe* and ever bred
By *Duns*, or *Affectation*, or a *Bed*.
Without Delay on fam'd * *Cephalic* call,
The *Camiſar* ſhall cure you with his *Sal*.

The *Maſter* of the *Choire*, averſe to Jeſt
(With chiding Eyes his ill-tim'd Wit ſuppreſt)
Leap'd furious from his Bed, and haſten'd to be dreſt.

All his rich Veſts and ſumptuous Robes puts on,
His *Mohair* Caſſock and his *Tabby* Gown,
His *Violet* Gloves; that very *Rochet* wore
Which once the jealous *Prelate*'s Fingers tore:
An *Ebon* Stick he held, and on his Head,
Snowy with Winter Age, a *Sattin Bonnet* laid;

Quick-

* *A Doctor in* Paris *famous for* Sal Volatile *and* Enthuſiaſm.

Quickning his Pace with fierce impulsive Ire
He runs, he flies, and reaches *first* the Choire.

* Oh Thou who guided by the *Delphic God*
Sung, On the Margin of a drowsy Flood,
Obstinate Chiefs inur'd to deadly Wars;
'Twixt Hostile *Frogs* and *Mice* immortal Jars.
† Oh Thou whose *Muse*'s bold Fantastick Flight
Did the *Bolonian Bucket's Rape* indite;
Vile Cause of War! All *Latium* to ingage
In Bloody Arms, The *Helen* of their Rage!
And ‖ Thou who painted in a Deathless Strain
The *Licens'd Homicides of Warwick Lane!*
(*Phœbus* to Thee his *Double* Blessing gives;
Thy *Musick* charms us, and thy *Art* relieves,)
Give *Energy* to my Enervate Tongue,
While the fir'd *Chanter*'s flagrant Rage is sung:

* Homer's Batrachomyomachia. What

† Alessandro Tassoni *Author of* La Secchia rapita. *An Italian Poem.*
‖ *Dr.* Garth.

What Pencil can his Indignation draw,
When on his Seat th' aſpiring *Desk* he ſaw!
Mute, Motionleſs and Pale a while he ſtood,
Horror, Surprize and Grief benumb'd his Blood;
But his impriſon'd Words at Length reſound,
And breaking thro' his Sobs a Paſſage found.

See *Girot*! See the *Hydra* that oppreſt
My troubl'd Soul, and broke my pleaſing Reſt!
Behold the *Dragon*! There he rears his Head,
And buries *Me* in an Eternal Shade!
Prelate, what have I done? What helliſh Rage
Makes thee Ingenious to torment my Age?
What! Can thy *waking* Malice know no *Reſt*,
Nor *Sleep*, nor *Night* lull thy tempeſtuous Breaſt?
Oh Fate! muſt this opprobrious *Desk* appear,
And cloud me in my proper *Hemiſphere*?

Into a *Dungeon* thus convert my *Pew*,
Eclipſe my Glories from the *Public* View!
Unſeen, Unknown to all *but God*, my Face
Muſt there be hid *incog*' in my own Place!
What! Muſt I ſit *Inglorionſly Obſcur'd*!——
It is too much; It cannot be endur'd.
No, let us firſt the ſacred *Altar* fly,
Abandon *Heav'n*, Renounce the *Miniſtry*;
Yes, let us ceaſe our inharmonious *Pray'rs*,
No longer offer Muſic to the *Spheres*,
Nor deafen, with rude Sounds, *Immortal* Ears:
Let us from this ungrateful *Church* retire,
Nor *ſee*, where we're *not ſeen*, a thankleſs *Choire*;
But then my *Rival* Triumphs on his Seat,
And ſmiles inſultingly at my Defeat,
While on my Pew this *Desk* will *ſtill* be born,
And riding on its creaking Hinges turn,

To

Forbid it *Heav'n*, Or give me Instant Death;
And Stifle foul *Dishonour* with my *Breath!*
Yes, faithful *Girot*, let us bravely Die,
If we're too weak to move this *Infamy*;
But this Right Hand shall tear the *Tyrant* down;
'Tis lawful an *Usurper* to Dethrone:
Yes, e're we die, if noble Death must come,
The Rival *Desk* shall, falling, share Our Doom.

Strengthen'd with Rage, at these Determin'd Words
The Furious *Chanter* seiz'd the trembling Boards;
When, guided thither by Auspicious Chance,
Roger and *John*, two well known Chiefs, Advance;
Renowned *Normans* both, Equally Skill'd
'Th' Law, with Knowledge and Experience fill'd;
They hear his Anger's Source, his *Cause* they *Own*;
Yet Counsel, Nothing *rashly* shou'd be done:

Yes, they Agree The *Monſter* muſt not ſtand,
Nor muſt it fall by any *Private* Hand:
But let th' *Aſſembled Chapter* View the Sight,
And in full *Synod* do the *Chanter* Right.

This Sage Advice repriev'd the threatn'd *M*
And Smooth'd the ruffl'd *Sire's* diſtorted Face:
Then be it ſo, ſaid he, Let them appear,
Summon, *without Delay*, the *Chapter* Here;
Fly, and with *holy* Yell the *Dotards* Wake;
So ſhall they of our *Early* Grief partake.

At this Diſcourſe Surpriz'd and Froze they St
Regardleſs of their *Soveraign's* raſh Command

Fooliſh and bold, Says *Roger*, To enjoyn
A Morning's work I fear we muſt decline!
Betimes we ought to *Quit* this Party Fray,
Where 'tis Impoſſible we ſhou'd *Obey*;

Tho' from the distant Street the piercing Sound
Shou'd wake the Snoring *Footmen*, stretch'd around,
And penetrate without the least Regard
That sacred *Calm*, where Noise is never heard,
Can you Conceive, my Lord, when peaceful Shades
Have bound 'em fast to their Inchanting Beds,
We shou'd the Sluggard's Iron-slumbers break,
Whom Six Bells thirty Years cou'd never Wake?
Can two weak *Chanters* Voices e'er perform
What is a Work for *Thunder* or a *Storm*?

The Warm Old Man Replies, I see what Ends
You Wish, and whither this Oration tends.
I see, your Dastard Souls the *Prelate* dread;
Yes, of the haughty *Prelate* You're afraid;
Ye Servile Wretches; I have seen you stand
Bending your Necks beneath his *Blessing* Hand.

Go Still be Slaves, ſtill Fawn, and Lick, and Bow
I will the *Canons* raiſe without ye Now.

Approach then, Honeſt *Girot*, thou true Frien
Whom neither *Bribes* can Shake, nor *Prelates* Ben
Do thou the *Maundy Thurſday's* * *Rattle* Take;
Soon ſhall this Engine make 'em *Hear* and *Shak*
The *Sun* a Sight intirely new ſhall ſee,
The Droneing *Chapter* Up as ſoon as *He.*

This heartning Speech made Truſty *Girot* fly
And rake the duſt of *Holy Armory.*

Now the *Lugubrous* Inſtrument Reſounds,
And every Ear with hideous Clangor Wounds.
Infernal *Diſcord*, pleas'd, Prepares to head
Her Willing Champions, and afford them Aid;
Then from the † Clam'rous *Hall*, t' improve the Frigh
She Calls the *God* of *Noiſe* thro' Shades of Nigh

* La Creſſelle, *in French*; *an Inſtrument us'd on* Maundy Thu
day *inſtead of Bells.* † *Parallel to our* Weſtminſter Hall. *The Rea
will pleaſe to apply it ſo as oft as he meets with it.*

And now Sweet Sleep forsakes each wondring Eye;
The *Street*, astonish'd, rises at the *Cry*:
At length the *Ca nons* their strong Fetters break,
Unseal their Lids, and in Confusion Wake:
Monstrous and wild *Ideas* Each Conceives,
And what his *Fancy* breeds, his *Fear* believes:
One Thinks loud *Thunder* Splits the Sacred *Choire*;
The *Chapel* burning with a * *Second* Fire:
Others more *Sad* and *Phlegmatick* than He
Gues's't it the *Toning* of the † *Tenebræ*:
A *Third*, still Dozing with the Fumes of Wine,
Believes it *Three*, Vows 'tis a laid Design,
And Grumbles that he was not Call'd to Dine.

So when Returning *Phœbus* gilds the Year,
And Chears with Genial Warmth our *Hemisphere*;

* *Once burnt down, In* 1618. † *The Service in the Romish Church the Week before* Easter.

When *Zephyrs* blow, And Birds diſus'd to ſing
Eſſay their Notes, to welcome in the *Spring*;
Albion's bright Goddeſs, mov'd with *Europe*'s Tears
Sends forth her *Heroes* to diſſolve their Fears;
With *Inſulary* Thunder to Prevent
The tow'ring Giants of the *Continent*.
The *L'ouvre* ſhakes, Pale *Louis* taſtes again
The terrors of a New *Ramillia* Plain.
Th' *Eſcurial* dreads *ANNA*'s recruited Might,
And *Anjou* Saddles for a *Second* Flight:
Pariſian Walls ſhall prove a weak Defence
For * *Quixot* Kings, and each † *Knight Errant* Prince.

In vain do's *Terror* urge; Supine they lie,
And wait between the Sheets their *Deſtiny*.
Girot reſolves to rouſe 'em, and prepares
A Story, Which he Knew wou'd take their Ears,
Reſtore their *Senſes*, and Expell their *Fears*.

* *Don* Philip. † *Chevalier St.* George.

I'm ſent, ſaid he, t' inform you from my Lord,
A warm *Collation* ſmoaks upon the Board;
With *Art* collected, It no Dainty wants
Which *Luxury* can wiſh, Or the rich *Seaſon* grants.

He ſpoke; All catch at once the welcome Sound,
Shake off dull Sleep, and from their Pillows bound;
Headlong they preſs, as rapid Lightning, fleet;
Yet ſwifter *Appetite* out-ſtrips their *Feet*.
Ready to break their *Necks*, to break their *Faſt*;
Each flatters, as he flies, his Eager Taſte
With entertaining Thoughts of Sweet Repaſt.
But, ah Vain Hope! Fond Man's deluſive *Bait!*
Regardful of the Cover'd *Hook* too late!
The diſappointed *Chapter* View their *Chief*,
And find they come not there to *Eat*, but *Grieve*.

The *Chanter* in the moſt *Pathetic* Words
(The beſt his interrupting Grief affords)
Reveals the ſad *Misfortune* To his Friends,
And his juſt Cauſe to *Them* and *God* Commends.

Plump *Ev'rard* only durſt propoſe to Eat;
Ev'rard's keen *Stomach* did his *Zeal* abate;
The *Canons* fill'd with other Thoughts, His *Vote*
Vaniſh'd *unſeconded* and ſoon forgot.
When *Allen* roſe; Collected and Prepar'd,
He regularly *Hem'd*, then Strok'd his Beard,
And Claim'd, as *Prolocutor*, to be Heard.
The Learned *Seer* Attention might demand;
The Only Scholar in this Reverend Band!
The Learned *Seer* had Copious *Baxter* read,
And with Old *Bunyan* cram'd his Muddy Head.
Thus Oft, Sublime, Contiguous to the Skies,
Sacred to Duſt, an Empty *Garret* lies;

'Till

'Till hir'd by some vile *Quack*, The *Furniture*
Do's All the happy *lightsome* Space Obscure;
And What th' Unlucky Owner meant to *Grace*,
Converted to an *Indigested Mass*.

Yes, Great *a-Kempis* he cou'd Construe too,
And all his *knotty* Passages Undo.

Whence cou'd this Stroke, said He, but from the Womb,
Some Younger Sprig of Old *Socinus*, Come?
It must be so; We're in the *Prelate*'s *Snare*;
These Eyes Saw *Deist T*——— visit there;
Satan Endeavours, by that subtle Fiend,
The *Prelate* to his Purposes to Bend.
Sirs, he most certainly has somewhere heard
That this Litigious *Desk* St. *Louis* rear'd;
Thus, grown *Polemical*, He'll proudly think
To Drown us All with *Deluges* of *Ink*;

Vaſt Subſidies of *Paper-Force* he'll raiſe,
And make his Partizans find *Means and Ways.*
Now 'tis Our Duty timely to prepare,
And ſtand a reſolute *Defenſive* War;
Conſult *Antiquity*, The *Scholiaſts* ſcan,
Let every *Text* be bolted to the Bran;
Conſider, Do's *Aquinas* nothing ſay
Of *Desks*? None of the *Fathers* lean that Way?
I find this *Argument* will ask much *Oil*,
Cloſe *Reading*, Indefatigable *Toil*.
Then when *Aurora* kindles up the Day,
And lights her Lamp, extinguiſh'd in the Sea;
Let every Man *by Lots* his Portion take,
And what our learned *Doctors* dictate, Speak.

Struck with this unexpected Speech, they Stare,
And each pale Face betray'd Uncommon Care;

Squab *Everard* with moſt Concern appear'd,
He Shov'd, and Preſt, and Swore he *won't* be Heard!
If at my Years, ſaid he, I turn One Page,
Or hurt with *Books* Theſe Eyes too weak with *Age*,
May I, like *Thee*, on Muſty Paper feed,
Turn *Bookworm*, and be Bury'd 'ere I'm Dead;
Let us, who know the Uſe of Living, live;
Thy Meagre *Body* do's thy *Soul* Survive!
Go, Macerate what Fleſh remains with Books,
We are not fond of ſuch mean haggard Looks;
What *Others* do ſhall ne'er diſturb *My* Head,
I neither *Alcoran*, nor *Bible* read.
I know right well the price of *College* Hay,
Or what Our *Farmers* every Quarter Pay;
On which good Vineyard there's a *Mortgage* made,
And what and how the *Int'reſt* muſt be paid;

Twenty

Twenty Large *Hogsheads* fill'd by my Command,
Rang'd *Orthodoxly* in my *Cellar* ſtand:
Theſe are my *Authors*, *There* my *Study*'s plac'd;
By *Them* Inform'd, Subſtantial *Bliſs* I Taſte;
And ſince All *Knowledge* in *Opinion* lies,
Can, when I pleaſe, from *thence* be *Warm* and *Wiſe.*
As for this *Desk*; D'ye Think your *Books* will Charm
The *Monſter* down? Believe me, this *Right Arm*
More expeditiouſly your Work ſhall Do;
The *Gorgon* without *Latin* Overthrow.
What ever does offend me I'll Remove,
Tho' *All* the *Fathers* ſhou'd the *Desk* approve:
Let us to Breakfaſt, and our Sorrows drown;
So Fortify'd We'll Knock the *Monſter* down.

This

This Speech; Supported by his *Jolly* plight,
(Plump as if Fed *at Both Ends, Day* and *Night,*)
Revives their *Courage* and their *Appetite.*

The *Chanter*, now recover'd from his Fear,
Rallies his Senſes, and Declares for *War*;
Too long *(He cry'd)* has that foul *Cerb'rus* Head
Obſcur'd us with his * *treble-treſted* Shade.
Let's inſtantly our ſully'd *Fame* Reſtore,
And ſhow at once our *Courage* and our *Pow'r*:
Yes, let us for this Work *ſome Minutes* Faſt;
This Done; *Meſſieurs*, We'll make a *long* Repaſt;
A Breakfaſt which the *Morn* to *Noon* ſhall join,
And *Then* but to a nobler Feaſt Reſign.

Up roſe the *Chief*. The faithful *Cohort* Charm'd
With theſe *attracting* Words, his *Zeal* Confirm'd.
Then to the *Choir* with fearleſs Steps they go,
And there Behold the bold uſurping Foe:

* *The* Desk *was of a triangular form.*

At this, *To Arms* tumultuously they Cry,
And pour upon the *Common Enemy*;
The *Axis* now defends it self in vain;
What Force cou'd such *Confed'rate Pow'r* sustain!
Each honours with a Blow his gallant Hand;
The *Desk* as bravely strove their Rage to stand:
Firmly a while the *Hydra* kept his Ground;
Till some dire *Hero* gave a fatal Wound;
Deep was the Cut, he staggered with the Blow,
And bow'd beneath his unexpected Foe.
At Length for Want of his great *Master's* Aid,
The tott'ring *Lump* with Odds is *Overlaid*.

So batter'd by the North, A *Russian Oak*
Succumbs, Unequal to the violent Shock:

Or So, Abandon'd by its *Girding* Wood,
Sinks an old *Roof*, which had for Ages ſtood.

The Captive *Boards* in Triumph are convey'd,
And in the Victor *Chanter*'s Manſion laid.

THE

THE LUTRIN.

CANTO V.

NOW had the *Morn* unbarr'd the Gates of Light,
And saw the *Canons* up, *Surprizing Sight!*
Aurora blush'd to see her self out-shone
By *Florid Looks* more ruddy than her *Own.*

Brontin to *Sydrac* ſpeedily repairs,
And the Misfortune of the *Desk* declares;
Old *Sydrac* wept for Joy at his ſucceſsful Cares.
In ſilent Raptures Building as he ſtood
A Thouſand Law-ſuits on the *ruin'd Wood.*
The *Youthful Sire* grows vigorous and bold;
Age has no *Ice*, and Winter has no *Cold.*
A ſprightly warmth quickn'd his Tardy Blood,
His Veins recruiting with a briſker Flood.
Streight to the *Prelate* he betakes his Flight,
And with loud Clamour opens to the Light
The Melancholy Scene, and Crimes of Night.

The *Prelate*, grieving to be rouz'd ſo Soon,
Impetuous Leap'd from his inchanting Down.
Gladly wou'd *Gilotin* his Stay detain
With a *two-handed* Goblet of *Champaign*;

The *Grateful Bumper*, wont to break his Faſt,
With *ſlighted* Smiles Now lures his Maſter's taſte.
Unmoiſten'd and *Unbleſs'd*, he Streight prepares
With Extricating Comb t' adjuſt his friz'l'd Hairs.
Twice did the *Ivory* break, and twice the *Box*,
In haſty grapple with Confed'rate Locks.

So when *Alcides* Spun, Unbred to feel
A Weight ſo light, he broke the *Spinning-Wheel*.

Half-dreſs'd he Goes. When lo! before his Gate
An ardent Troop of *Church-Militia* Wait.
Reſolv'd, at their Affronted Lord's deſire,
Unanimouſly to *Deſert* the *Choire*.
But the grave *Sire*, appealing to the Laws,
Condemns a Project Uſeleſs to his Cauſe.
For Future *Fate*, Said He, we ought to look
In the *Myſterious Sibyll*'s Sacred Book.

Not far her Cave; Come on, and let's Submit
To what Expedient *She* pronounces fit.

All with One Voice the ſage Advice approve,
And tow'rds the *Bar* the *Holy Warriours* move.
Her *Den* groan'd horrible, while *Echo* roar
Doubles th' affright, as She repeats the Sound.

Amidſt thoſe *Gothick Pillars*, which Support
The formidable *Hall*, and awful Court
Of *Common Pleas*; a Famous *Fabrick's* rear'd,
Ador'd by *Lawyers* and by *Clients* fear'd.
Here Fools and Knaves each *Term* in ſhoals repair
Thin'd with the Diet of *Litigious* Air.
Beneath a Hill of *Briefs*, *Green Bags*, and *Scrolls*,
Here every Morn a *Hectic Sibyll* howls.
Vain are the Tears of *Orphans*, vain their Cries,
To that *foul Monſter*, void of Ears and Eyes,

Call'd CHICANRY, in learned Modern ſtyle,
Bulky with Ruin, and o'ergrown with Spoil.
While the wrong'd Widow want of Juſtice mourns,
And the vex'd *Air* each empty groan returns;
Pale *Want* and *Famine*, like ſome *injur'd Ghoſt*,
Walk o'er the Ground, and weep their Treaſures loſt.
Infamous *Poverty*, Devouring *Care*,
And Everlaſting *Toil*, and lean *Deſpair*,
And black *Chagrin*, Compleat the Mournful Part;
The wretched Off-ſpring of her *Curſed Art*!
Caſe-Books and *Codes* the Meagre Hag Conſume,
And Dies her ſelf to dig another's Tomb:
At every Meal, the hungry *Fury* Eats
Fair *Palaces*, ſtrong *Caſtles*, *Country Seats*.
The bubbl'd *Suitors* at their Fate repine;
Gull'd with *Superfluous Reams* for *Solid Coin*.

A Hundred times has *Juſtice* turn'd her Scales,
So oft her guilty Influence prevails.
Inceſſantly from Trick to Trick ſhe Runs;
And ſometimes, *like an Owl*, the Day-light ſh
Now, like a *Lyon* Laſhing his dull ſides,
She ſtalks with fiery Eyes, and frightful Strides:
Now like a *Serpent* thro' the *Herbage* glides.
Long has the juſteſt *Monarch* Strove in Vain,
With *Gordian* Knots this *Proteus* to reſtrain.
Her Claws, by *Sa——rs* clip'd, increaſe in Stren
With Ink diſcolour'd, and o'ergrown in Length
Ramparts and *Dykes of Law*, too feeble Foes,
Reſiſt th' Invaſion, but in vain oppoſe.
With *Creeping Guile* ſhe Saps the Eaſy Ground
Or with *High Torrent* breaks th'Obſtructing Mou

Syărac Salutes the *Fiend*, and bending low,
With diſtant awe reveres her wrinkled Brow.

Then Tempting Gold displays: *She* with delight
Views the bright Scene, and dwells upon the
Sight.
When thus the Sire——*Contention*'s Mighty Queen!
Unquestion'd You o'er *Kings* and *Peasants* Reign,
Thro' Thee, *Force* useless is, and *Laws* are weak;
Statutes, like *Cobwebs*, You at pleasure Break.
For Thee the *Hind* Sweats at his drudging Plough;
For Thee his Flocks are fleec'd, his Meadows grow.
For Thee he Yearly reaps his *Golden Fields*;
To Thee his Rich *Autumnal* Labour Yields.
If from my Infant Years I've Thee ador'd,
And *Seas* of Ink on thy dread *Altars* pour'd,
Disdain not, *Mighty Goddess*! now to own
In his declining Years thy faithful Son,
Industrious *Fautress* of *Vexation*, Hear,
And Answer an imploring *Prelate*'s Pray'r.

For on the Ruins of his Bright Renown
An envious Rival has advanc'd his own:
The *Desk* Deſtroying, with a forceful Band;
The *Desk*, late Re-erected by our Hand.
Exhauſt thy Fatal Knowledge in this Cauſe,
Revolve the Books, Create Eternal Flaws,
And with *Dædalean* Wiles confound the Laws.
Be to thy Darling Sons thoſe Arts diſplay'd
Which *puzzle* † *Themis* in the Rules ſhe *made!*

The *Sibyll*, wild with joy, thrice ſhriek'd alou
While her ſwoln Viſage glow'd with pois'nous Bloo
Convulſive Agitations rack'd her Breaſt;
Full of the *Dæmon* which her Soul Oppreſt,
Till in theſe Words the loud *Tornado* broke;
And eas'd her lab'ring Boſom, as She ſpoke.
My Friends, diſmiſs your Fears, You ſhall repla
On the proud *Chanter's* Pew that *War-creating Maſ*

† *The Goddeſs of Juſtice.* Arm

Arms you muſt take, ſo *Fate* Ordains; To Arms!
Prepare, My Sons, for glorious loud Alarms:
May long, long Suits Enſue, and Oh! Beware
Never on any Terms your Cauſe *Refer*.
Let all *Accommodation* be Abhor'd;
Curſt be the Slave who liſtens to *Accord*:
Curſt be the Wretch that mencions but the Word.

She ſtop't, and foaming breath'd upon the Throng
The ſame Dire Spirit late her Breaſt had ſtung.
From the Wild Hag, The *Dæmons* diſengag'd,
Entred the *Herd*, and like a Tempeſt rag'd.
Headlong he drives 'em to the Deep Abyſs
Of *Law*, unmindful of the Precipice.
Demurrers, Writs, Injunctions, Outla'ry,
Errors, Eternal Bills in Chancery,
In each undaunted Champion's Front appear,
And obſtinately Threat perpetual War.

All,

All, flush'd with fansy'd Victory, return;
They quit the less'ning *Hall*, and with new fury burn.

Mean Time, the *Canons* Far from Noise and Care,
Indulge their Senses with Delicious Fare.
The Servants under Thirty Chargers Sweat,
And the full Board groans with the Sav'ry Weight.
Each *Glutton* hunts, and garbles out Nice Bits,
And, as his Fancy dictates Dainties, Eats.
The *Pasty*'s irritating Salt excites,
And kindles up their Thirsty Appetites.
When (Oh! Uncertain State of Human Things!)
Light-footed *Fame* Unhappy Tydings brings,
Reports with trembling Lips and visage pale
The *Oracle*, and all its Dire *Detail.*

The *Chanter*, warm'd with *Muscadine* and *Rage*,
Arose, resolv'd the *Prelate* to ingage.

He too the *Sibyl* will consult, and Try,
What is reserv'd for *Him* in *Destiny*.
Plump *Ev'rard* the Deserted Banquet Mourns,
And still, with strong Desire of Feasting, Burns!
But the regretting *Epicure* They tear,
Born off by Numbers, to the Dreadful *Bar*.
Thro' Various Paths, *Oblique* and *Dark*, they Draw
Near to the Clam'rous Market of the Law.
At length They reach the Celebrated *Hall*,
Where Mercenary Tongues unweary'd ba wl
In Om'nous Black, like *Priests*, Each *Proctor* plys,
And serves his *Client* up for Sacrifice.
Here the shop'd *Syrens* make a Busy Show,
But get their Bread by what they Vend *Below*.
Here crafty *Bibliopole* All Authors Sells;
Wit, Learning, Arts and Sciences retails,
Mingling, without Distinction, Good and Bad;
Here *Dryden*, Next him *Ogilby* is laid,

While

While *Boyle* and *B——ly* blended, well Accord;
And *Row* and *Settle* grace one common Board.

The *Chanter* Now with formidable Noiſe,
Exalts his ſhrill Eccleſiaſtic Voice:
Urging his forward way—When Oh Dire Chance!
The *Prelate* and *his Myrmidons* advance.
Each rugged *Hero*, with encountring Eyes,
His Rival's louring Front alternately Surveys:
Sullen and Dumb Diſdainfully they Stop,
An Equal Madneſs Choaks and Swells 'em up.

So two fierce *Bulls*, who Rival-Paſſions ſhare
For ſome lov'd *Heifer*, Meditate a War.
With jealous Rage fir'd at each others Sight,
They quit the *Paſture* and prepare for *Fight*;
Bowing their Necks, Each his curl'd Forehead ſhakes,
While from their Blood-ſhot Eyes their inward Fury breaks.

Ev'rard

Ev'rard, by *Boirade* elbow'd, found his Spleen
Began to Swell, and *Stimulate* within;
To *Biblio*'s ſhop he bent his haſty Courſe,
A *Cyrus* ſeiz'd, and with gigantic Force
Th' unweildy Volume, at the *Sexton* threw;
He politickly Judg'd it, and withdrew:
But hiſſing as it went, It *Sydrac* ſtruck
Full on the Cheſt; who Sunk beneath the Shock:
The Sire, by † *Artamene* forc'd to yield,
Fell Breathleſs, the firſt Victim of the Field;
His Friends with pain beheld his Overthrow,
And Sympathizing Felt *Themſelves* the Blow.
Now againſt *Everard* twenty Champions dart,
And all reſolve to batter down a Part:
The *Canons* their Aſſaulted Brother Spy,
And forward, to ſuſtain the Onſet, fly:

* *Artamene the Name of* Cyrus *in* Scudery's *Romance.* *Diſcord*

Diſcord, Triumphant in the turbid Air
Gave a loud ſhriek, the *Signal* of the *War*.

Now Nothing's heard but Clank and Warlike
Din;
All Mingling, Enter *Biblio's* Magazine:
Poor *Ev'rard* Sinks beneath a *Book*y Show'r;
Twelves, *Quartos*, *Folios*, and *Octavos* pour.

So when deſtructive *Boreas* Marches forth
With his Impetuous Forces of the *North*;
In Storms of Icy Rain he plows the Air,
Lays waſte the Fields and makes the Orchards
bare:
Throws down the blooming Honour of the Boughs,
The Promiſe of the teeming Year and Lab'ring
Gardner's Vows.

All arm themſelves with Ammunition Books,
Contract their Brows, and Threaten with their Looks:
One with vindictive Hand light *Durfy* ſhakes;
Another, *Wytherly* more weighty, takes;
A Third tore *Weſtly* from the Duſty Wood,
Where long untouch'd the Mouldy *Epic* ſtood:
A fourth Up-heaves a leaden *Buſnage* high,
Stuff'd with *Rubbinical* Philoſophy.
Lo, a tremendous *Typhon* Guards the Front,
With Enterprizing *L——r's* Name upon't.
Oh! had'ſt thou, Mighty Nurſe of *Dulneſs*, liv'd
I'th' bright *Auguſtan* Age, we had receiv'd
The *Bavian* Works entire; *Mævius* by *Thee*
Had been Immortal as † *The Hollow Tree.*

The Abſent *Biblio's* Prentice ſtrives in vain,
Their more than *Gothick* Madneſs to reſtrain.

† *A Comedy printed for* B——d L——t. Volumes

Volumes aloft, a *Leathern Tempeſt*, Fly;
And Clouds of riſing Duſt involve the Sky.
They Bruiſe for Bruiſe Exchange, and Wound for Wound,
And Heaps of *Books* and *Bodies* raiſe the level Ground.
Here Tuneful *Waller* on the Pavement lay,
And near him *Quarles* once more beheld the Day.
Here *Ariſtotle* Flew, *Deſcartes* There;
The *Heroes* met, and * *Joſtl'd* in Mid-Air.
Numberleſs Books appear'd this mighty Hour,
Which ſcarce were ſeen, or ever known before.
Here *Partheniſſa* and *Caſſandra* flew;
Romantic Weight did *Real Strength* ſubdue.
John Dunton too was ſeen, A wondrous Sight!
To Duſt retir'd, Reviſiting the Light:
And Towring the † *Dead Author* took his Flight.

Next,

* Deſcartes's *Philoſophy is founded on contrary Principles to* Ariſtotle's.
† Dunton *writ Letters from Himſelf, as Dead.*

Next him, from its belov'd receſs is Torn
An Engliſh *Chevreau*, dead as ſoon as born.
The *Rites o'th' Church* alone Unſhaken ſtood,
And grinning ſmil'd at ſight of *Prieſtly* Blood.
A *Keeble's Statutes*, with Unfriendly Weight
Of crabbed Law, bruis'd *Girot*'s empty Pate.
When rough *Alcippus* felt a ſudden Shock;
Th' *Arabian Tales* his wounded Shoulder ſtruck;
Indolent Sheets! till now unus'd to bear
The rough Fatigues and barbarous Rage of War,
Supinely in ſoft Dreams You lull'd the *Fair*.
Some luckleſs Hand afreſh *Eliza* throws
At *Clotho*'s Head, and Smote him 'twixt the Brows;
When, Strange effect! the brawny Prieſt began
To Yawn and ſtretch; *Lethargic Stiffneſs* Ran
Thro' All the Magazines of Vital Heat;
The Veins no more Life's quickning task repeat;

The *Soporiferous* Rhimes benumb'd his Breast,
And with Strong *Opiats* forc'd him down to Rest.
Clelia wag'd *Amazonian* War Around,
And bore down many a *Hero* to the Ground.
'Twas by her Aid alone *Gorillion*'s Name
Reap'd Glorious Laurels, and a Deathless Fame.
* Ten times by Her he signaliz'd his Arm,
And Murd'rous bruiles dealt and Mighty Harm.

But to stout *Fabri*'s Virtue all must Yield;
Fabri the foremost Champion in the Field:
Hatch'd of a Sturdy *Consecrated* Brood,
Nurtur'd i'th' *Church*, And Cradle'd up in *Feud*.
Robust of *Body*, And of *Mind* as Hard,
No Danger his Intrepid Soul Debar'd,
And Equally for *All Events* prepar'd.
To *Fight* or *Eat* He never wou'd decline,
Nor knew the Use of *Water* with his *Wine*.

* Clelia *is in Ten Volumes in French*

His *Single* Arm *Whole Squadrons* Overthrew;
He *Guibert*, *Graſſer*, and *Gringallet* ſlew,
Beau *Gervaſe*, and inſipid *Guerin* too.

And now the *Prelate*'s Vanquiſh'd Forces Fly;
Renounce their *Strength*, and On their *Speed* rely.
Ethic as faſt purſues the Scatt'ring Train,
Wounds 'em Behind, and Drives 'em o'er the Plain.
So have I ſeen a Tim'rous flock of Sheep
Affrighted Run, and in their Hurdles Creep;
When ſome Fierce Wolf, the *Louis* of the Wood,
Attempts the Fold, to Feaſt himſelf with Blood.
Or when *Pelides* ſhook his Thundring Spear
On *Xanthus* Plains, the Terror of the War;
The *Ilian* Troops ſtruck with Imperious Dread,
Behind their Rampires in Confuſion Fled.

When thus, to ſinking *Boirude*, *Brontin* Spoke
I ſee, *Illuſtrious Sexton*, in thy Look
Some Seeds of Ancient Proweſs: Oh my Friend
Let's to the laſt Our righteous Cauſe defend.
What ſhall *One* Canon over *Us* prevail,
And with his Single Weight thus turn the Scale?
Shall it be ſaid *One* Warrior bore away
The Glory of the Cope and this Deciſive Day?
No; Never let that Envious Babler's Fame
Tarniſh the Luſtre of thy Dauntleſs Name.
Come, and Behind my Screening Body ſtand,
This *Baſtion* ſhall ſecure Thee from his Hand.
Here, At his Head Fair *Afra*'s Works let fly;
And may they prove as killing as her Eye!

Boirude recall'd his Spirits to his Aid,
And with Collected force th' Advice Obey'd.

By *Brontin* Cover'd, Takes delib'rate Aim,
And at the Warrior darts the Miſſive Dame,

The tender Auth'reſs *Softens* on his Crown,
And Guiltleſs of a Wound fell *Feebly* down.

Ye Miſcreant Pair, ſaid *Fabri*, thus you ſee
My Front rebates your ſoft Artillery.
Think ye, that I, who like a Caſtle ſtand,
Can fall, the Conqueſt of a *Female* Hand?
Judge, if my Arm, with Mean exploits content,
Do's on it's Errand ſend an *Innocent*.
Lo! here! A *Folio*, ſwol'n with Floods of Gore,
Shall Crown the Carnage of this Bloody Hour!

With this, He *Fox's Book of Martyrs* choſe.
Four ill-joyn'd Boards the Coverture compoſe,

Burrow'd by Worms, and Edg'd with Iron round
And with an Old black Sheep-skin half way bound
No Silken Tyes it had, but at each Haſp
Hung by three Nails a Remnant of a Claſp.
Firm as it Stood upon the bending Shelf,
No Humane Force cou'd Stir it, but Himſelf.

This *Fabri* ſeiz'd, and brandiſhing on High
A-tiptoe Stands, and Guides it by his Eye,
Then at the trembling Slaves, half Dead with Fe
Flings with both Hands the *Thunderbolt* of War.
And home it went. With *One* diſaſtrous Wou
Both Heroes fell, and Meaſuring Bit the Grou
Torn with the Nails, and Pounded by the Woo
The Pavement ſwam with guſhing Streams of Blo
They churn'd the Duſt, and gnaſh'd their Teet
and Howl'd,
And down the Stair-caſe o'er each Other rowl'

The *Priests* saw their Fall with ghastful Eyes,
And sent to Heav'n a Scream that pierc'd the Skies.
Struck back with Horror and Appall'd with Fear,
He curses in his Heart the *God* of *War*.
With Silent Indignation he Retreats,
Yet still the *Chieftain* in his Mind defeats.
Then rallying his lost Spirits, Makes a Stand,
And from his *Cassock* Draws his Vengeful Hand.
Yes, said the Mighty Chief, The' *Armies* fail,
These *Blessing-giving Fingers* shall prevail.
Forward he moves, and upwards turns his Eyes,
Then Stretch'd his Fingers forth in Holy-Wise.
Kneeling in heaps the *Passengers* Receive
The *Benedictions* He prepares to Give,
With politic design to turn the Rout
Upon his Foes, who durst not *Stand* him Out.

The Zealous Vulgar Force down All they Meet,
Nor will they Suffer One to keep his Feet.
Th' Out-witted Adverſe Hoſt, Confounded ſtare
At this unthought of Stratagem in War,
And dread the Storm approaching from afar.
Vainly the Trembling *Chanter* ſeeks for Aid
From his own Courage, or his Firm Brigade.
By *Both* Forſaken, *He* too now muſt *Fly*,
Or *Fall* before his Haughty Enemy.
The Conſternated Troops Themſelves Disband,
Yet None Eſcapes the ſwift-purſuing *Hand*.
Driv'n on each others Backs, and ſpur'd by Fear;
Still Hangs the Conquering *Finger* on their Rear.
Ev'rard, in Hopes to hide his threatn'd Head
From Holy Inſult, to a Corner Fled.

The Watchful *Prelate* ſaw his cloſe Retreat,
And ſtrait March'd up, his Conqueſt to Compleat.
Then Turning to the Right, he wheel'd around,
And *Bleſs'd* the frightn'd Champion to the Ground.
Thrice he Erects his Rebel Head in Vain,
The lengthen'd *Finger* forc'd him down again.
Oblig'd to Kneel, becauſe the *Mob*'s ſo near;
And what he owes to *Rev'rence* Pays to *Fear*.

The *Prelate* to the Temple Makes his Way
To taſte the Fruits of this Victorious Day.

The *Chanter* and the *Canons* too Return,
And *Inly* their defeated Project Mourn.
Vanquiſh'd by Pious Fraud, in Crouds they Preſt
Thro' the throng'd Doors, at once both *Maul'd* and *Bleſt*,

The Watchful *Prelate* saw his close Retreat,
And strait March'd up, his Conquest to Compleat.
Then Turning to the Right, he wheel'd around,
And *Bless'd* the frightn'd Champion to the Ground.
Thrice he Erects his Rebel Head in Vain,
The lengthen'd *Finger* forc'd him down again.
Oblig'd to Kneel, because the *Mob's* so near;
And what he owes to *Reverence* Pays to *Fear*.

The *Prelate* to the Temple Makes his Way
To taste the Fruits of this Victorious Day.

The *Chanter* and the *Canons* too Return,
And *Inly* their defeated Project Mourn.
Vanquish'd by Pious Fraud, in Crouds they Prest
Thro' the throng'd Doors, at once both *Maul'd* and
Blest.

THE LUTRIN.

CANTO VI.

WHILE All Things thus to outward View Concur
To fan the Fire, and carry on the War;
True Piety, who long had lain Conceal'd
And to the *Alps* her exil'd Head reveal'd,
Deep in her Desart hears the Mournful Cry,
Which from *Lutetia*'s distant Walls arise.

* La Grande Chartreuse *among the* Alps.

Up

Up roſe th' Angelic Form, for well She knew
Th' imploring Accents of her faithful *Few*.
The Heavenly Maid quits her Divine Retreat.
Faith leads the Way with Safe, Unerring Feet;
Gay *Hope* Supports and Hands her in the Courſe,
While *Charity* Attends her with the Purſe.
Tow'rds the Pariſian Gates her flight ſhe bent;
Where with a holy Confidence, the Saint
At *Themis* Feet prefers her juſt Complaint.

Oh Virgin! thou who doſt my Shrines Support
Scourge of the *Bad*, and the *Good* Man's *Reſort*!
No human Paſſion can o'er *Thee* Prevail;
Nor ought, but *Right*, turn thy impartial Scale.
Shall I ne'er come to thy Salubrious Arms,
But thus in Tears and Sighs to give Alarms?

Is't not enough that in despight of Heav'n
My Name's assum'd by Vile *Hypocrisy*,
That her rapacious Hand shall Seize my Due,
My *Croziers*, *Mitres* and *Tiara's* too?
Must I behold my Heritage laid Waste,
My Vineyard made a Prey to each Wild Beast?
In Stormy Times, and when my Reign was young,
My God-like Sons, with Holy Ardor stung,
Wou'd Face a Tempest, and, prepar'd to Die,
The Thunder of a Tyrant's Rage defy:
Soon as Baptiz'd, in Martyrdom expire,
And from the *Font* Run joyful to the *Fire*.
With my Inspiring Name their Souls were fill'd,
And only breath'd the Doctrines I Instill'd.
To High Preferments call'd in Church or State,
True to my Rules they scorn'd the glittering bait,
Nor Mounted the World's Stage but with Regret.

Those

Thoſe Hearts that did No Racks nor Tortures
ſhun
Would from a *Mitre*'s profer'd Honour Run.
Fearleſs of Pain, and Toil, and Earthly Loſs,
Thro' Thorns and over Rocks they bore the *Croſs*.
In Vain did gaping Hell's Artillery play;
Preſſing to Heav'n they forc'd their glorious Way.
But when the *Church* her Altars had *Inmur'd*,
With the Cementing Blood of Saints Secur'd;
When Chriſten'd Kings had Smooth'd her *Stormy*
Face,
A Dangerous *Calm* Succeeded in the Place;
A Slack *Indifference* Stagnated the Flood,
Deaden'd their Spirits and benumb'd their Blood.
The Ardor of their burning *Zeal* decreas'd,
And lagging *Faith* their load of Sins Confeſs'd.
The Mortifying *Monk* grown Debonair
Shook off the Aſhes, and his Coat of Hair.

The Prelate, by Intrigues prefer'd to Place,
High Living held to be Sufficient Grace;
A Cross and Mitre, painted on his Coach,
Virtue Enough to Silence All Reproach.
Humility to Stalking *Pride* gave Way;
And in the * Frock's foul Grease *Ambition* lay.
Then Discord soon the Ties of Love Unbound,
And to my Sacred Cloysters Entrance found.
There with my Wealth she Built her Strongest Forts,
Drag'd all my Subjects to Litigious Courts;
In Vain my bending Knees her Steps prevent;
Under *my Banners* March'd this Insolent.
False Teachers next, in Numerous Crouds Arise,
To fill the Measure of my Miseries.
Then Dangerous Heresies began their Reign,
And Execrable Maxims craz'd the Brain.

That

* *Frock. A Monk's Habit.*

That 'tis Enough, to *Dread* the Pow'rs Above;
And Servile *Fear*'s prefer'd to Filial *Love*:
That *God* Necessitates the Doing Ill,
By pre-determining his Creatures Will.
That *Reason* is the only Sovereign Queen,
And *Faith* no Evidence of Things not seen.
Church-Champions Me with formal Lips address,
And at my Feet for Absolution press.
Pure to the *Outward* Eye, but Foul *Within*,
Place all their Virtue in *Confessing* Sin.

Chas'd by these Trait'rous Black Attempts, I fled;
Propitious Heaven my Exil'd Progress led,
To seek a Calm Retreat, a Halcyon Cell,
Where Deadly Colds and Freezing Vapours Dwell.
Those Hills with everlasting Ice Confin'd,
Where *Winter* never yet to *Spring* Resign'd.

Ev'n

[a] St. Lou

Ev'n *There* the News of my Misfortunes flew,
My Fears return'd, and old Wounds bled anew.
This Day too faithfully a Voice I heard,
Fraught with Diſaſtrous News I little fear'd.
That *Temple*; where a King of * *Holy* Name,
Devoted all his Toils, and Fruits of Fame,
Whoſe Pompous Form, and Wealth Immenſe reveal
The flowing Grandeur of the *Founder*'s Zeal,
Lo! now with Lux'ry fill'd, and foul Debate!
Boundleſs their Pride, Implacable their Hate.
Honour and *Duty*, Empty Sounds, are fled;
While *Tyranny* Erects her *Hydra-Head*.
And wilt thou, *Siſter*, with indiff'rent Eyes
Behold their Malice, and my Cauſe deſpiſe?
And ſhall this *Temple*, to *my* Glory rais'd,
Where thronging *Vot'ries* Once *Ador'd* and *Prais'd*;

* St. Louis, *Founder of the Holy Chapel.*

Shall it be fill'd with *Sacrilegious* War?
For *Combatants* the ſhameful *Theatre?*
Oh No! at length let thy ſwoln Vengeance burſt!
Impunity too long their Crimes has Nurſt.
Ariſe then, *Themis*, ſhake thy flaming Rod;
Abſolve the *Heav'ns*, and Vindicate a *God!*

Thus to her Siſter ſpoke the Plaintive *Dame*;
Grace kindling in her Eyes *Æthereal* Flame.
Themis Aſſures an undeferr'd Redreſs;
With Cordial Speech thus Chearing her Diſtreſs.

Dear, Holy Siſter, Thou whoſe Ears and Eyes
Were Never ſhut to Other's Miſeries;
But ſtill with thy Officious Helpful Hands,
Haſt wip'd away their Tears, and loos'd their
Bands.

Why doſt thou Sorrow thus without Relief?
And give thy Heavenly Charms a Prey to Grief?
Swell not thoſe Beauteous Eyes with Cauſeleſs Tears,
Nor Entertain Anticipating Fears.
What if thy lukewarm Subject's Ardor Cools,
Warp'd by a proſp'rous Sun-ſhine from thy Rules?
On an Eternal Rock thy *Church* is buiſt,
And Fortified with Blood of *Martyrs* ſpilt.
Tho' *Hell* its firm Foundations ſhould aſſail,
Yet never ſhall the Gates of *Hell* prevail.
Midſt all the Show'rs of perſecuting Darts,
Thy Name ſtill Cheriſh'd lives in *Faithful* Hearts.
Yes; In this very Place, now up in Arms
To Cruſh Thee, and Diſhonour all thy Charms,
Thou ſhalt Return; Their fierce Debates ſhall Ceaſe,
The Storm be huſh'd, and all Compos'd to Peace.

Lo, yon Vaſt *Dome*, by Mortals much Revere'd,
Where ſuppliant *Clients* at *all Hours* are heard!
There ſits a Matchleſs Man, and bears in State
My Honourable *Purple*'s Pompous Weight.
For *Me*, his Valuable Health Impairs;
Nor does the lab'ring Sun ſee half *His* Cares.
Ariſtus He———
By *Heav'n* and *Heav'n*'s Vicegerent juſtly choſe
To Rule my *Balance*, and Diſpence my *Laws*.
Now on my Throne, by *Him* confirm'd, I ſee
The *Bench* redeem'd, and reſcu'd *Bar* ſet free
From Hoſtile Arts of howling *Chicanry*.
Fair *Truth* invited by his friendly Aid,
Returns aſſur'd, and lifts her chearful Head;
At foul *Impoſtures* Name ſhe ſhakes no more;
But Triumphs o'er the Fiend ſhe Fear'd before.
Inhuman *Guardians* now no longer dare
Prey on the *Orphan*, and devour their Care.

But

But wherefore do I vainly thus Aſpire
To paint the Man thou Knowſt, and All admire?
Ariſtus is *thy* Work, his Image *thine*,
'Twas Thou that Form'd him, like thy ſelf, Divine,
And brooding o'er the Infant's tender Shell,
Gave him in Spotleſs Merit to Excell.
Thy Leſſons with the early Milk Imbib'd,
Are nobly in his Nervous Senſe deſcrib'd.
His Soul thus fir'd with thy *Celeſtial* Flame,
Ne'er made one baſe degen'rate Step to Shame.
His hardy Zeal, for Uſeful Action made,
Ne'er ruſted in the dark *Monaſtic* Shade.
Haſte, Siſter, and the Godlike Man addreſs;
His Op'ning Gates thy Preſence will confeſs.
All know thee There; for All thy Laws obſerve,
And *Imitate* the pious Man they *Serve*.
One Glance from *Thee* will pierce his inmoſt Soul,
Which *Love*, nor *Fear*, nor *Hatred* can Controul.

Thy

Thy Aſpect's Silent Rhetorick ſhall gain
What Earth-born Eloquence may Ask in vain.

Thus *Themis* ſpoke. Her Siſter's raviſh'd Ears
Bleſt the ſweet Muſick that allay'd her Fears;
Then wing'd with Joy, ſhe to *Ariſtus* flies,
And Obvious to his *Intellectual* Eyes
The *Goddeſs* thus beſpoke her faithful Friend;
In vain thy *Courage* and thy *Zeal* contend
To Juſtify my Cauſe, and Rights Defend;
If Impious *Diſcord* * *at thy Doors* preſume
Thus to inſult me and my Throne aſſume.

Within thoſe Walls, once Holy and Renoun'd,
(Strangers to Every inharmonious Sound).
Poiſon'd by *Diſcord*'s ſtimulating Rage,
Two mighty Pow'rs in adverſe Arms Engage.

With

* *The* Chapel *was near Mr.* Lamoignon's *Palace.*

Mr. Lamoignon *(the* Ariſtus *of* Boileau*) was* Premier Preſident; *a Place of Law and Equity too.*

With Cruel Feuds my Altars they Prophane,
While *Piety* exalts her Voice in vain.
Thou then, to whom th' Oppreſs'd for Aid appeal,
Do Thou their ſharp *Religious* Ulcers heal.
Save *Me* from ſplitting on theſe dangerous Shelves;
Save *Them*, *Ariſtus*, Save 'em from *Themſelves*!

She ſpoke; the Hero leaves, and ſinks in Air.
A while he lay in *Extaſie* of *Pray'r*:
All cover'd o'er with Flames divinely bright,
He Own'd the lovely Virgin's *Heavenly* Light.
And now recover'd from the dazling View,
Convenes the *Prelate* and the *Chanter* too.
But, O my *Muſe*, in this Sublimer Part
Aid my faint *Spirit* and *Inſpire* my *Art*!
Unequal I, to ſing the Man, or tell
How by his Mighty Art fierce *Diſcord* fell.

What

What *Godlike Cares*, And what *Herculean Toils*
He paſs'd, to Reconcile the *Church*'s Broils.

Thou rather, who the mighty Cure Apply'd,
And broke their Stubborn *Sacerdotal* Pride,
Inform the liſt'ning Age what Wond'rous Skill
Suppl'd the *Chanter*'s Heart and Cool'd his Zeal.
Thou Know'ſt, by what prevailing Councel wrought,
With his own Hands th' invidious *Desk* he brought;
And how the *Prelate*, pleas'd with his *Devoir*,
Soon ſent it back and baniſh'd it the *Choir*.

Speak *Thou* theſe Miracles; I've done *my* Part,
And Spun out Eighteen Hundred Lines by Art.
Nor let the Man's Attempt be raſhly damn'd,
Who from a Simple *Desk* a Second *Iliad* fram'd.

Still burns the *Muſe* to ſpeak the *Hero*'s Praiſe;
And with *Thy* Name Immortalize her Lays.

But

But when she Measures the Transcendant Height,
Her feeble Wings Decline the dangerous Flight.
The trembling Sounds are dash'd upon her Tongue,
And *Admiration* interdicts her *Song*.

So in the famous *Hall* where *Themis* sways,
And re-inthron'd by *Thee* exerts her Rays,
A Youth, who fain wou'd to the *Barr* proceed,
And from a *Hearing-Counsel* Call'd to *Plead*,
At length, Surrounded with *Black Gowns* and *Fears*,
The Aukward Wrestler at the *Barr* appears;
Entring the Lists, his Virgin-*Motion* makes;
But soon the Oil his fault'ring Tongue forsakes.
Thy Awful Presence Thunder-strikes his Sense,
And Disarrays his Puny Eloquence.
The blushing *Orator* Attempts in vain,
The Thred of his Distracted Speech to gain.

On the *laſt* Word tenaciouſly he Dwells,
And lengthens out the baſhful Syllables.
He Stammers, Pauſes, Stops, and Speechleſs grown,
With Shame Oppreſs'd young *Cicero* plunges down.

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

PAge 8. line 3. for *What then*, read *Heve then*. p. 8. l. 5. for *Flow'r blooming*, r. *Flowry Bloom*. p. 69. l. 12. for *Believes it Three*, r. *Believes it Nben*. p. 85. l. 11. for *Meagre*, r. *Buſy*. p. 90. l. 2. for *Hal*, r. *Cave*. p. 97. l. 3. for *Rites*, r. *Rights*. p. 100. l. 9. for *Babler's*, r. *Babler*. Ibid. l. 13. for *Aſra*, r. *Trotter*.

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